

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1874.

CASTLE DALY,

THE STORY OF AN IRISH HOME THIRTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER I.

A BRIGHT sunny spring morning after a night of rain. Heavy clouds, like a dispersed but not beaten army, hung in threatening masses on the brows of a range of dark, slate-coloured mountains that shut in the landscape to the west, while the sun climbing the summit of a lower range of grass-clothed hills on the east made the waters of Lake Corrib dance in its light, and turned the rain-drenched trees that surrounded Castle Daly into a forest of diamonds. The house, a solid grey stone, many-windowed mansion, with a turreted roof, and four dilapidated towers ornamenting its sides, stood on a slope between two grassy hills and fronted the head of the lake just where its waters, after narrowing into a river-like channel through a pass in the hills, spread out again into a second shimmering sheet of silver where emerald slopes and purple heads saw themselves reflected.

The front door stood wide open that morning, as it generally did in all but the very worst weather, and from the top of its high stone steps a wide view was commanded. Frowning mountain heads and delicate purple distances, soft green levels shading into the blue of river and lake, the near ground being variegated with every gradation of tint, from black bog land to bright ferny hollows and cultivated fields. Just in front a

lawn sloped from the top of the little eminence on which the house stood to a white road skirting the northern shores of the lake, whose windings the eye could follow till they were lost among the hills. Bold outlines and fair colouring were to be seen at their very best under the radiance of the spring sunshine; but it was not altogether to enjoy them that the different members of the Castle Daly household, as they left their rooms one by one, passed the door of the breakfast parlour where the meal waited for them, and sauntered, hatless and bonnetless, down the hall steps into the rain-drenched garden.

It was more or less a matter of course with them all to spend rather more of their time out of doors than in, and if there was anything to be done at a fixed time, even such a pleasant thing as breakfast, an instinct against punctuality gave zest to a little preliminary dawdling.

First, a boy of about sixteen came out with a book in his hand, at which he gave a careless glance or two before thrusting it into his pocket and rushing across grass-plot and flower-border to join a group of servants who simultaneously left their work, in doors and out, at the sound of a bugle, and flocked to the yard gate to meet the bearer of the post-bag, who just then made his appearance blowing his bugle and driving at an astonishing rate up the road in a jaunting car.

Next a girl, about a year younger, with a dark silk handkerchief tied across her golden-haired head, tripped down the steps and stood for a minute or two quite still at the bottom, with hands clasped behind her back, and her face turned up with an intent, eager, pleased look towards the sloping hills at whose base the sunny waters of the lake glittered. Last, hatless, with his hands in the pockets of his loose morning coat, appeared the master himself, Squire Daly, "his honour," as the people around universally called him. He stooped his head instinctively in passing the doorway, as if not quite sure that even its high arch left him room enough to pass under, and then stretching his unusual length of limb against the door-post, crossed his arms on his breast and looked forth lazily. A large, well-made, good-natured giant style of man was "his honour," with a sunburnt handsome face on which it was difficult to say whether an expression of acuteness or of lazy enjoyment predominated. His eyes glanced slowly, first with an amused twinkle in them towards his young son, the centre of a group of gesticulating servants, then over the landscape, half closing now and then, and peering intently as if to make out some object in the distance, brightening at last with a peculiar loving light as they rested on his daughter, who kept her motionless position at the foot of the steps, too closely wrapt in her own thoughts to be aware of his neighbourhood. He watched her for a second or two and then called out.

"Hollo! you Ell-woman, what uncanny spells are you weaving this morning for our undoing? are you summoning your kindred from the lake to help in your incantations? Come, leave the Good People, and pay a little attention to your father, you undutiful Princess of the Golden Locks."

The dreamy look vanished, the young girl sprang up the steps, and it was a brilliantly happy face, all sparkling with dimples and smiles, which received her father's morning kiss. "I had no idea you were down," she exclaimed. "I

came out to gather your flower; I can't think how I came to forget it."

"I can. Your relations in the lake called you, and all the concerns of the upper world went clean out of your head, as your mother complains they usually do, you unpractical, yellow-haired O'Flaherty witch!"

By this time she had drawn him down the steps towards a flower border, and as she fastened a powdery purple auricula in his button-hole she said, "I don't believe she was a witch—that old Castle Hen heroine, only a true patriot, whom all Irish fairies were bound to work for. You may laugh at me as you will, but I shall always be glad that you called me after my yellow-haired O'Flaherty grandmother, and say that I am like her and Cousin Anne."

"Let me see, what was the penalty the old witch ancestress earned for herself and her descendants to the hundredth generation by her uncanny meddling with forbidden things—that all the gold they were ever to have was to be carried on their heads, never any in their pockets, was not that it? You stand a very good chance of exemplifying the prophecy in your person, madam." He lifted his daughter's hair, which had fallen down over her shoulders as she stooped for the flower, and crumpled it up in his hands. "Here is a quantity of glittering useless stuff; what a pity it can't be melted down and stamped with the Queen's head; though stay, does not the legend, or at least Cousin Anne's version of it, say something about its being useful to bind hearts together with?"

"Oh, but I don't think your heart and mine want any binding together, do they, papa?—and that is all I care for."

"Tell me that three or four years hence, and I'll listen to you. But look, Ellen, you certainly were making signs to your witch kindred. There is one of them waiting to speak to you down at the gate."

"Old Goodie Malachy, Murdock's grandmother! What can she want so early?"

Ellen ran to the gate and her father

followed, sending his loud voice before him as he went.

"Goodie, Goodie, didn't I positively forbid you to come here more than twice a week, and is the place ever to be free of you?"

The old woman dropped a succession of rapid curtseys and raised her hands to heaven.

"Good luck to me that see and hear the master himself this blessed mornin'! Shure it was worth while walking every weary step of the way to see the sunshine of his face and hear his voice, that's music to ivery poor cratur in the country round."

"You'll hear the music to some purpose, you old humbug, if you don't do as I bid you. What business have you here to-day I want to know?"

"Well then, Mr. Daly, dear, 'twas just to save Miss Eileen's steps I came. Is it dainty feet like hers that should tramp the soft roads, and, ankle deep through the bog, afther all the rain, to bring me the trifle of tay and shugar she promised me this day."

"But, Goodie, I don't think I promised to bring you any tea and sugar."

"May be 'twas the young jintleman thin, spaking to comfort poor Murdock, braking his heart, as he was yesterday at laving his granny to go to sarvice at Ballyowen for the pleasure of the mistress. 'It's me shisther that'll look afther ye, granny,' says the young jintleman, God bless him! 'and see that she never wants for the grain of tay, and the crumb of sugar, nor the drop of whisky that's needful to keep her heart warm widin her, left forlorn and lonely in the bog by herself.'"

"The young gentleman said all that to Murdock? You've a fine imagination, Goodie, but here he comes to answer for himself. Connor!" called Mr. Daly to his son, who had left the yard gate and was strolling towards the house, "come here and confess how many things that don't belong to you, you have been generously giving away."

"Nothing, at any rate to you, Goodie Malachy," said the boy. "I've not forgiven you for sending Murdock away.

I've not had a good day's fishing since he went. What business has he, I should like to know, to be running errands for a screw of an old grocer in Ballyowen when I want him about the place?"

"Truth's in every word ye spake, Mister Connor, dear. I'd not own him for a son, let alone a grandson, who'd be mane-spirited enough to choose service wid a bit of a shopkeeper whin he might be doin' his duty by the family. It's brakin' his heart over the slavery of it, Murdock is, this minute; but 'twas no thought of my own. Shure ye all know well enough 'twas the mistress herself laid her orders on me. I'm tellin' the bare truth widout a word o' concalemint. 'Mrs. Malachy,' says she, standin' on that strait bit o' gravel walk where his honour stan's now, and lookin' at me out o' her brown eyes in the terrible searchin' way she has'—shure, yer honour, ye know it—'Mrs. Malachy,' she says, 'ye do very wrong to let that slip of a boy belonging to ye idle his time fishin' wid Mr. Connor. It's larnin' an honest trade he should be at his age.' And thin, a week afther, what did she do but drive up her own self to my cabin-door, and ordered me out to spake wid her, and tould me straight out how she'd settled it all wid the grocer at Ballyowen for Murdock to go to him and run errands; and it was thin—for I'll tell ye the clear truth now, since truth's always fittest to be spoken—'twas thin, and wid the mistress her own self, that the few words passed about the tay and shugar, and the trifle of whisky by times to keep up my lonely heart, that brought me here this day."

"Come, Goodie, that won't do. You'd better have stuck out for Miss Eileen's or Mr. Connor's generosity; this new fiction won't hold water at all."

"Well, anyhow, 'twas to pleasure the mistress I let the boy go from me; and oh, the loneliness of the place widout his voice and his smile!—I that have had him wid me since his father and mother died in one week of the faver! What will I do at all widout him, yer honour?"

"Nothing but unlimited tay, shugar, and whisky will make up for the loss—that's what you mean, I suppose? Now listen to me, Goodie. Mrs. Daly has put your grandson into the way of earning an honest livelihood for his own good; and you had better get rid, as quickly as you can, of every sort of notion that we are to bribe you into being thankful."

"For his own good! Yer honour says it's for the boy's raal good; and shure a jintleman like you ought to know. Well, then, I'll walk back as I came the three miles and a half to my lonely bit of a place in the bog wid that word of comfort to my heart, plased and contint to have had it from yer honour's own lips."

"You did not suppose that Mrs. Daly had any other motive than the boy's good, you silly old woman?"

"And indeed she's altogether a sensible lady, wid ways of her own beyant such as me to comprehend at all; but it's the word from yer honour I go by. Now I've got it, I'll go home contint."

"But I may give her the 'tay and shugar,' mayn't I, papa?" said Ellen. "I don't exactly remember promising—but——"

"Take care, take care; the tay and shugar have provoked efforts of imagination enough already. Give her what you please. If my recollection of Murdock serves me right, much of anything won't be requisite to compensate for the loss of his society."

"I don't agree to that," said Connor. "I wish my mother had fixed on anyone else to turn into a grocer. He was the sharpest gossoon about the place, and I can't get on without him. Look here, Mrs. Malachy, when you see Murdock, tell him there's something he can do for me at Ballyowen. I've heard that there are two or three swan's nests among the reeds in the creek of the river just above the town. I wish he could manage to get me an egg or two, and bring them up here the first time he gets a chance; and we'll have some fun together yet, in spite of all the shopkeepers in Ballyowen."

"That was not a particularly wise message, Connor," said Mr. Daly to his son, as they strolled up to the house together. "Your mother settled this boy at Ballyowen to keep him out of your way, I strongly suspect. You'll only bring him to grief if you tempt him from his work."

"It's a horrid bore. If ever I take to any one of the boys in particular, my mother never rests till he's sent away. It all comes from Pelham's having sneered about my ragged regiment, when he was at home last. He never knows what it is to want companions; he has friends enough all the year round at Eton."

"Ah, you ought to have friends. You ought to have been at school years ago. Your mother is right there. We'll banish no more bare-legged gossoons for your sins, but send you out of the way yourself, sir!"

"I'd be glad enough to be doing something, only it need not be to an English school you send me. I would not like to come back such a prig as Pelham."

"Easy now. There's your mother beckoning to us to come in to breakfast. I wonder how long we have kept her waiting."

Mrs. Daly was already seated at the breakfast-table when her husband and children entered the room, and, as they approached her, she turned up a fair, thin, delicately-tinted cheek to receive the greeting kiss that each bestowed.

"I should not have called you in," she said quietly, addressing her husband, "but it is Tuesday—the day when I always expect a letter from Pelham—and the bag has been here half an hour. Won't you unlock it at once?"

"I think I'll fortify myself with a cup of coffee first. There's no saying that there mayn't be missives in that bag for me that even Pelham's effusions won't sweeten."

He carried the letter-bag off to his end of the table with rather a provoking smile; and an absolute quietness settled on Mrs. Daly's face—not

vexation or disappointment—only a sort of stillness that seemed to put out, as with an extinguisher, the glow of soft colour that had risen to her cheek as she spoke, and to turn her brown eyes into cold shining stones.

He sat watching her as she occupied herself silently with the business of the breakfast-table, her thin, jewelled fingers moving here and there among the cups with quick, precise motions; and as he watched, the same tender expression with which he had regarded Ellen stole into his face.

It was that dainty reserved grace, those still patient looks on the fair face, that had won his heart years ago, when he first left his rollicking Irish home, and became aware of some of its defects by the contrast afforded by the habits of the well-ordered English family among whom he met her.

She, with her considerate wise ways and gentle temper, was surely the remedy he wanted for the evils he saw and did not know how to combat; and if he felt a chill fall on him after he had won her calm acknowledgment of preference, he comforted himself with visions of a magical awakening into full responsive love and bright enjoyment of life that would be effected by her transportation into the warm, bright, loving atmosphere he meant to take her to. He had not quite done with dreams and visions about her yet, though to other people it was evident enough that several years of weak health and weary contention against disorders she could neither tolerate nor effectually control, had not tended to make a naturally plaintive temper less sad, or to reconcile an over-anxious heart to surroundings of gaiety that were a perpetual jar on its forebodings.

"Come, Eleanor, will you say something pleasant to me if I give you your letter at once?"

She would not let the corners of her mouth relax into the least glimmer of a smile as she answered—

"I really want it very much; that is all."

"Well, here it is, then, and may it

reward you. Here's something too for you, Miss Eileen—a scrawl from Cousin Anne; that illegant home-made envelope, with the stamp upside down, can have come from no other place than 'Good People's Hollow and the queen of O'Flaherty witches' herself; and now"—crumpling up the remaining contents of the bag in his hand and making a grimace at it—"shall I put myself on the rack for three-quarters of an hour for no manner of use, or shall I toss these rascals at once into the fire without giving them leave to cudgel my brains?" He made a motion as if to throw the papers on the fire, casting at the same time a comical look towards his wife, as if he expected her to interfere to prevent it. She was too much absorbed in her letter to heed him. It was Ellen who stole behind his chair and laid two detaining hands on his arms.

"Papa, I wish you would let me help you with your business letters. I could write for you sometimes when you don't like the trouble, and then people would not get angry by being kept waiting."

"Fine business it would be that you and I concocted together."

"I daresay it would be fine. Cousin Anne used to help her father in his business. We should be like them."

"No doubt we should; if we ever do set up in business together, it will be in Good People's Hollow fashion! Fine O'Flaherty schemes for weaving silk out of thistle-down, and making straw hats from wood shavings, you would drag me into! But don't raise your hopes; your mother will never let you get astride a broomstick and chase Will-o'-the-wisps with you dear god-mother. Does she send you any news of herself in that crazy-looking billet you have in your hand?"

"It is only to tell me that she has quite finished her model of the three-wheeled car that cannot possibly be overturned on the bad roads between the Hollow and Ballyowen, and that old Brian Lynche has undertaken to build one. It is to be ready before the next great Ballyowen Fair day, and she

will be able to drive into the town and keep her own boys in order. 'There has been nothing but faction-fights and rows at Ballyowen on fair days, lately,' she says, just because she has not been able to look after her own people."

"Would not you like to be there to look after them, too, perched at Cousin Anne's side on this new Venus's car, and drawing a tribe of ragged followers after you safe out of the way of faction fights and whisky? We will have Pelham and your uncle Charles over from England to see the triumphal procession if that three-wheeled car ever gets built. Eh, mamma?"

The father and daughter had been so engrossed in their banter of each other, that they had not till now observed a change of expression that had come over Mrs. Daly's face as she finished her letter.

The sheet had fallen from her hands to the ground, and she was leaning back in her chair with her fingers tightly locked together as if she were struggling for composure.

Mr. Daly sprang from his seat, and was in a minute kneeling by her side.

"My love, what has happened?—what have you heard? Something wrong with Pelham?—an accident to Pelham? Speak, you frighten me out of my senses!" And indeed his ruddy face became almost as pale as his wife's, as he watched the effort she made to command her voice to answer.

"I have done wrong to frighten you; you will think nothing of the news—it came suddenly on me at the end of the letter. Pelham has been ill; there has been a fever in the school, and he has taken it. My brother Charles went to Eton to see him—it is he who writes the news; he thinks that in a day or two he will be well enough to travel, and had better leave the infected air, but he does not want to take him to Pelham Court for fear of carrying infection to his own children; and he is doubtful what we should like to do about having him here. Dermot, I must be with Pelham."

"Of course you must, and so must I,

Don't forget that he is my eldest son as well as yours. Of course he comes to us when he is ill—the Pelhams have not made him so altogether one of themselves but that this is his home when he wants one."

"But the other children—Ellen and Connor?"

"They must take their chance, or they can go to Happy-go-lucky Lodge, unless you think a fortnight of unmitigated O'Flaherty worse than the chance of fever."

"And, dear mamma, there would be no danger for us," cried Ellen. "Why there is always fever, more or less, down in the village; and Connor and I go in and out of the cabins every day, you know."

"Pelham would have been as fever-proof if you had let him live at home. Castle Daly has some advantages, you see. Well, Eleanor, it will be something to cheer you up, and put the rest of us on our good behaviour, to have Pelham at home for the rest of the summer. I'll scribble off a line to Charles without loss of time, and gallop off with the letter to catch the post-car when it stops at the next village on the road to Cong. You'll be easier in your mind when you know that the letter is on its way, and your boy certain to come to you."

CHAPTER II.

WHEN Mr. Daly returned from his rapid ride, he found his wife taking her daily number of constitutional turns up and down the sunniest walk of the flower-garden, which, by dint of much persevering effort, was kept up to a pitch of trimness and perfection that enabled her, while pacing it, occasionally to fancy herself transported back again to her old English home. This was rest to her spirit; if her eye had fallen on any token of neglect or disorder, such as she could not have failed to see at every step in any other part of the pleasure-grounds, the benefit of the walk would have been over for her, the fresh air and the sunshine would have lost all their sweetness, and she

would have returned to the house as unrefreshed as she came out.

She was standing with her back to the mountains, looking with satisfaction at a neatly-dug flower-border, when her husband came up behind her.

"Ah, that was a good morning's work of Ellen's and mine. We shall turn out accomplished gardeners at your need."

"Yours and Ellen's! Why did you trouble yourselves? Where was Saunderson?"

"In the sulks. By the way, I did not intend to bring you face to face with the misfortune so soon; but the truth must come out sooner or later. Saunderson has taken himself off. He chose to turn away one of the under-gardeners, and there was a general row in the place. I fancy his wife took fright at some threats against him, and carried him off by a *coup de main*; or else he heard of something very much to his advantage, for he took his departure suddenly."

"How long ago?"

"Five days. Come, confess that you have not missed your factotum yet?"

"I have only been out twice, and, Dermot, I had rather have known. I wish—I really wish that you would always tell me directly when anything disagreeable happens, then I should not live in constant dread of what I may hear."

"I did not know you lived in constant dread."

"I dreaded Saunderson's going for one thing—he was the only servant I could rely on for keeping order. He has had a hard life here among the other servants. I am not surprised he should go directly something better offered."

"No more am I; it was naturally nothing to him that he had been eighteen years in our service, and been more indulged and trusted than anyone else about the place. As an Englishman, he was bound to better himself. Why should he stick to the sinking ship like these poor benighted Paddies and Murdocks who leave their ragged coats on the rose bushes, and plant heads of celery among the geraniums? It would not have been becoming in him."

"Dermot, I wish you would not say such things."

"What things—against Englishmen?"

"No, about sinking ships. If you mean anything by it, I wonder you can say it so lightly; and if, after all, such speeches are only idle words, is it not cruel to be always dropping weights of apprehension on my heart?"

"I certainly don't mean to be cruel. You have not lived with me eighteen years without finding out that my speeches are not always to be taken *au pied de la lettre*. You must allow something for metaphor and the exigencies of conversation, of which in your company I have to sustain the chief expense. And even if there is a spice of truth in the words, why should you trouble yourself so terribly? The ship struggles on anyhow, not sunk yet; and there's always good prospect of the wind changing and plenty of excitement in the struggle. I don't think I could put up with a life of plain sailing such as your brother Charles has before him. Something of a scramble comes more natural to me."

"And of all things that is what is most hateful to me."

"I am very sorry for it; but don't you think, as it is just that sort of existence I have unfortunately brought you to, you might soften the expression of your aversion a little? Your lips can drop weights as well as mine, though you don't seem to believe it."

They were now pacing the gravel walk, arm in arm; and as he finished the last sentence, he laid his hand tenderly over the slender fingers that rested on his arm, and looked fondly in her face.

Her eyes were fixed on the ground; but she felt the look, for a little tinge of colour came into her fair grave face, and the dark eyelashes that swept her cheek trembled.

"Dermot," she said at last, "will you do something for me that I wish very much?"

"Have I ever refused to do anything that you wished since the day that you owned me?"

"Not little personal things—in those

I have had more indulgence than I cared for—but, oh, Dermot! I must say it: I have not had my wishes about the things near my heart—the management of the house, and the education of the children. You know that Ellen and Connor would not run wild as they do if I had my way, and that there would be other changes. I should think of the children's future welfare before everything."

"And curtail all your husband's present enjoyments!"

"And my own too."

"But, my dear, you have not any enjoyments except making yourself miserable. For my little Ellen's sake, there is hardly any pleasure I would not give up; but, if anything effectual is to be done in the way of economising, I shall not be the chief sufferer. It will not be a question of giving up pursuits and amusements merely, but of throwing over a number of people who have learned to depend on me, and will not do so well with anyone else."

"Because you have spoiled them."

"Granted; so much the more reason for not letting them suffer for my sins."

"Dermot, these are the old arguments we have gone through so often, when we have talked of these things together; they confirm me in a wish I am going to beg you to grant. But tell me first, did you post the letter?"

"Do you suppose I lost it on the road?"

"I supposed that, in thinking over Charles's letter, it might have occurred to you that there was no need for haste, and that it would be better to wait and write fully by to-morrow's post. Charles says that Pelham will not be fit to travel for some days; and he purposes to come to Ireland with him, and pay us a visit."

"Whew! that's a consequence of Pelham's fever I had not reckoned on."

"We owe him a great deal for his kindness to our son."

"Of course I shall give him a hearty welcome."

"I want you to do more. While I was walking up and down here, it seemed to come to me that this visit of

my brother's—the first I have had from any of my family since I left England—would be the beginning of a new era to me. He will come with leisure to listen to our troubles, and consult with us on the state of our affairs; and, Dermot, if you would but open your heart to him—you know what he is in his own home and on his own estate."

"Perfectly well, and that he would not have the smallest hesitation in undertaking, at your request, to remodel this house and this estate on the same pattern. He would come back five years afterwards, confidently expecting to find it transformed into a district of Norfolk; and the Squireens (including your humble servant) and the Paddies behaving themselves like Norfolk farmers and labourers. He would, perhaps, give a little longer period for throwing the mountains into the lakes, and reducing all to sky and turnips."

"I always thought my brother was considered a particularly reasonable man."

"A much more reasonable man than your husband, I grant you, if you compare the actions of the two together."

"Oh, Dermot, the rest it would be to me if you would consent to consult Charles, and follow his advice! You are too——"

"Weak; never mind looking about for a word."

"Indeed, I was going to say good-natured, to bear to inflict what might seem, at first, hardships on people who prey upon you. You allow yourself that changes are necessary?"

"I allow that; I inherited misrule, and have let evils accumulate through sheer incapacity to see how to remedy them. If I thought Charles could really help me, I would listen to him gladly enough. There is some one nearer at hand, however, who seems to be solving some of my difficulties, in a native fashion, more congenial to the soil than anything Charles is likely to suggest. You won't easily forgive me for saying this, but if I were really to set about mending my ways, Cousin Anne would, I believe, be a safer person to take into my counsels

than your brother. She is combating Irish evils with Irish virtues, and he knows nothing about either."

"You cannot mean it, Dermot. I should feel set aside indeed if Anne's advice were paramount in this house."

"You need not be afraid. She understands your feeling about her too well ever to be of any use to me now. She will never intrude where she is not wanted."

"And, Dermot, you cannot seriously believe that a woman like Anne, who really seems to me sometimes to be almost crazy, could give better advice than my brother?"

"She knows the people we have to deal with to the core of their hearts, and he would never know them."

"But she is a woman, and he is a man."

"Ah, but you see, you are also a woman, and I am a man—though, perhaps our being English woman and Irish man makes a difference in your estimate of the relative wisdom of our opinions."

"I have never, that I know of, set my opinion above yours."

"Well, no, I don't think you have; you only set your brother's and all your relations' opinions above mine. I think of the two, the other would have been easier to bear. Never mind, my dear, you can't help it; most people would say you were quite right in your judgment of us, and I am not sure that I don't agree with you myself."

"You will consult Charles, then? If you knew how the undefined fear of coming trouble weighs me down; how the struggle after economies I can't carry out is wearing my life away—you would feel for me."

"I shall give you a pretty strong proof of how much I have been feeling for you all these years, if I take your brother for counsellor; and it will come to that, I suppose."

"Thank you, thank you; you won't go back from that word, Dermot? I shall be more at rest now than I have been since we married."

"That's something gained at all events."

"And during his visit, Charles will see a great deal of Connor and Ellen."

"And approve of them—of my little Ellen at least—if he means to keep me in good-humour."

"He will find her very different from his own daughters, I am afraid."

"Let him crow over her, on their behalf, as much as he pleases. I will not have my little one bullied. She has a warm heart, and a bright wit of her own, and I would not like to see them cowed and dulled by over-strict training. Don't shake your head at me, Eleanor. I have let you have your way about Pelham's education, and I am not saying it has not answered. He's had all the advantages you coveted for him, and been formed on your own models. I'm as proud of him as you are, but as for understanding him, or he me, he might as well be anyone else's son as mine. He has not been brought up in my ways, and he'll have no more illusions about me than you have. It is creditable to his understanding, no doubt, but fathers don't like to be too severely criticised by those who are to come after them. We shall get on together well enough, I daresay, when he comes home for good; but I shall know exactly how plainly he sees his father's incapacities, and how pat and ready he has all his plans for altering everything when his time comes. In due course it will come. I shall break my neck out hunting, or be shot from behind a hedge, by some poor wretch who adores me now because I let him alone; and who will have been educated into an enemy under some new system of management. Pelham will do his duty better than I have done, I fully believe; and, from my heart, I hope his reign will come soon enough for you to have many years' enjoyment of it; but I think I should like there to be somebody to look back with foolish delusions to the old times. If I ever get back to wander about the place, I should like to hear some of the children say, 'It was after all the home of our hearts when he was in it.'"

"Indeed, Dermot, I cannot have you suppose that Pelham does not love you

as dearly as do the others. He has, perhaps, a colder manner, but you should—indeed you should—teach yourself to believe that there are people who feel a great deal more than they can ever show—a great deal more!”

“Well, we will leave it there, then. What a delicious day it is! Won’t you desert your pacing place for once, and take the walk by the lake you used to be so fond of—for the sake of old times?”

“That are going to change to better new times, I hope. It will be a new thing to me to spend a morning in taking a walk. I ought to go in and hear Ellen read, but I am in spirits to-day. I feel as if many new good things were to come from Pelham’s return and this visit of Charles.”

Ellen saw her father and mother set out on their walk from the schoolroom window, and was not sorry to perceive that the usual routine of her morning’s occupations was not likely to be carried out. She threw away her book with an exclamation of glee, crossed her arms on the window-sill, and determined to begin the enjoyment of her holiday by giving herself up to what she called “a good think.” She was ashamed to acknowledge it, even to herself, but she was very glad to escape the two hours’ reading with her mother. She loved her mother and she loved reading, but somehow the two things did not go well together. She had thought it an honour when, two years ago, Mrs. Daly, wearied with changes between English governesses who disliked the country, and Irish governesses whose ways did not inspire her with confidence, had resolved to take her daughter’s education into her own hands; but the arrangement had not worked well, and the lesson hours had come to be dreaded equally by teacher and pupil.

Ellen always came to the end of them with a painful sense of her own incapacity and folly, and of the utter uselessness of attempting to attain to her mother’s standard of perfection in anything. Yet to win that mother’s approval had been from her earliest

childhood the very strongest wish of her heart. She adored her father, but her mother was her conscience—the high, incorruptible judge whose praise, hard to be won, she would have gone through fire and water to gain. She built castles in the air about winning this approval, as other maidens build castles about winning friends and lovers. In her thoughts she had been everything and done everything for her mother that a girl could do or be. She had saved her life over and over again; she had stood by her side when fortune and friends had failed her; she had nursed her through terrible sicknesses; and from these dreams again and again she had been awakened to meet well-merited reproof for little acts of disobedience and forgetfulness that could not be atoned for to Mrs. Daly by any amount of passionate feeling. “It is not caresses and protestations of love I want from you, Ellen,” Mrs. Daly would say, with that sad look in her eyes that was a stab to poor Ellen’s heart; “it is only a little thought.” And all the time it seemed to Ellen as if her shortcomings were the direct result of excess of thought. If she had cared less passionately for her mother, and had fewer schemes for pleasing her, she believed she should have made fewer mistakes and remembered the little things better. Yet surely there must be some way of transmuting love into service, if only one could discover it? It could not be the cold hearts that did their work best. Now, to-day, it seemed as if a chance of coming at the solution of the problems she had so often meditated was coming to her. This brother, whom her mother loved entirely, who was just what she wished him to be, he would be the interpreter whose perfections would make plain what it was that was deficient in herself; he should be the model on which she would earnestly endeavour to mould her thoughts and actions.

She strained her memory to recall sayings and doings of his in former visits that could be made to yield ground for her hopes. She had been

almost a child when he was last at home, but—yes—certainly he had always been kind to her. He had lifted her carefully on and off her pony many times, and he had been very angry with Connor for frightening her with a gun one day when they were all out in a boat together. Ah, but how sorry she had been for having brought that anger on Connor! She remembered how Pelham's eyes flashed when he wrested the gun from Connor's obstinate hands, and how he had sat quiet and grave all the rest of the time they were in the boat, with his arm round her, as if he were still afraid of her being hurt—turning a deaf ear to the jokes Connor perpetrated, with a view of carrying off his defeat and his little fit of rebellion with a high hand. She must never do such a thing as that again; never let herself be made a cause of dissension between the brothers. Now she recalled that look on Pelham's face, she could fancy herself learning to watch him when talk and laughter were going on, to see if he were pleased or vexed, as anxiously as she watched her mother.

She must learn to be wise enough to say herself, and cause others to say, the right things, and ward off the little jars and sneers that made everyone unhappy. Yet if there were so many people to watch, would it ever be possible to breathe freely again? Ellen drew a deep breath, and lifted up her head from her hands as she reached this point in her meditation and met her mother's eyes, who, on coming in from her walk, had paused at the school-room door.

"My dear Ellen, have you really spent the whole morning in looking out of the window? Will the time ever come when I can trust you to find useful occupation for yourself when I am busy? It will be a great rest to me if it ever does."

CHAPTER III.

It was found that a week must elapse before the expected visitors could arrive at Castle Daly; and Mr. Daly, in order

to undo any suspicion that might linger in his wife's mind as to his hospitable feeling towards her brother, busied himself with preparations for his reception and entertainment on a lavish scale, which struck Mrs. Daly as decidedly inconsistent with the project she hoped was to be the main feature of the visit.

He made several journeys up and down the country to procure horses such as he considered creditable to the establishment, for his guest and eldest son to ride and drive. He had the yacht, which was in constant use by the family for excursions on the lake, refitted, and the crew supplied with new clothes with the Daly badge. He overlooked his cellars, and added to his stock of choice wines. He sent out invitations far and near, for dinner parties and pleasure excursions. He suggested to Connor that it would be well to employ his ragged regiment of gossoons, hangers-on of hangers-on, in preparing bonfires at all the available points, to be fired on the evening of the arrival just as the travellers entered the grounds. He dropped hints of the expected arrival among his people, which he knew would bear fruit in the shape of assembled crowds and enthusiastic tumult of welcome.

"At all events," he said to his wife, "we'll give them a thoroughgoing Irish welcome, with all the honours, if it's the last time a Daly ever does it in this place."

"I must say I think it quite unnecessary," Mrs. Daly answered. "I do not think that it will even please Charles, and surely it will be very inconsistent with what you have to tell him of the state of your affairs?"

"Oh, but it *will* please him. I've always observed that your well-to-do, prudent people, who poison every pleasure for themselves by calculating its cost, are glad enough to take their fling of enjoyment with friends who have the heart to put the dirty thought of the money out of their heads. They throw the reproach of extravagance in their teeth when all's over, but they take to

the fun kindly at the time. You'll see Charles will. I'm not going to borrow money of him to pay for his entertainment—he knows that. I may have to go down the ladder a long way, but not to that depth. We—at least the Irish faction of us, Ellen and Connor and I—would die in a ditch first."

"Dermot, forgive me for saying it, but you know such words as those are mere talk. Charles is a great deal too much attached to me to see any of us reduced to need without coming forward to help us. And if you were gone and the children left unprovided for, it is on him they must depend."

"Ah, there you have me! That's the sting. You are really a very clever woman, my dear, whether you pretend to it or not. That's the point of the lance by which you are driving me to sit down in the hornets' nest I have made for myself, and submit to the stings. Right you are, not to spare to use it. However, don't be uneasy about this last flare-up of the dying light in the socket; it won't count for much. Let your brother see us in our glory, and enjoy himself just for once."

"You don't love him so dearly, Dermot, that you should commit imprudences for his sake."

"No hoodwinking you, I see, Eleanor. I did think perhaps that you would have taken it kindly that I should treat your brother just as I would treat one of my own if I had one; but it's true enough, it is not altogether his taste I'm consulting. I want to put a little heart and life into Pelham's home-coming this time. I'd like him to feel for once that, let him have been brought up where he may, he is eldest son here, and that so the people think of him. The recollection of what he is to them might stay with him for ever afterwards. I shall never forget the day I came of age, and the welcome I got. It will be warm about my heart when I die, let me come by my death where and how I will."

"But Pelham will not be of age for three years; would it not have been wiser to put off any demonstrations you think it right to make for him till then?"

"Wiser, perhaps, but then the demonstrations might never have been made. We shall all have been remodelled and grown too sober to enjoy ourselves before another three years are out. It won't do Pelham any harm for once to feel the stir of the *ould* life, and the *ould* warm feelings. If Charles thinks the enthusiasm is all meant for him, take my word for it he'll laugh at us in his sleeve, but he'll like it."

Mr. Daly was not mistaken in his estimate of his brother-in-law's humour.

The hospitable, lavish, easy-going pleasure-seeking ways of the Irish household were as utterly foreign to Sir Charles Pelham's practice and habits as Mrs. Daly was aware they must be, but they did not strike upon him so unpleasantly as they had done on her when she came to take up her abode for life among them. He had come out for a holiday with a comfortable sense of having done a noble thing in the care he had bestowed on his nephew during his illness, and it did not seem amiss to him that some rather signal tokens of appreciation of his devotion should be shown. It was of course all very Irish, the bonfires, the shouts, the wild ragged crowd that beset the carriage a mile before it reached its destination, and insisted on dragging him and his nephew, at the peril of their lives, down the steep descent to Castle Daly. It was a laughable, perhaps a pitiable, display, but it was a thing to have seen once. It would give him something to talk of on his return home, and with the other experiences of his visit, lend a certain authority to his utterances when he held forth on Irish questions to his English friends. He was not at all disposed to take it amiss that his brother-in-law should have bestowed some pains on making his welcome so truly national. The person who *was* disposed to take it amiss was the tall, dark-eyed, gentleman-like-looking lad of eighteen, who sat far back in the carriage with his hat well slouched over his eyes during the triumphal progress, and who seemed, for the two hours and a-half during which it lasted, to be intently occupied in efforts

to keep his handsome head so exactly straight between his shoulders, that neither the men with grinning faces, who poked their heads in at the window of the carriage on the right, nor the women with up-turned eyes and hands raised in blessing to the left, should have reason to suppose that he had inclined a quarter of an inch their way.

Sir Charles, who had been considerably startled, not to say frightened, at the first on-rush of the crowd, and who, till he was fairly in sight of Castle Daly, was never quite comfortably sure that this was not a Ribbon riot he had got among, was scrupulous in taking off his hat at regular intervals, and muttering a word or two in answer to the jokes and exclamations of his wild welcomers. But Pelham only opened his lips once or twice to reply rather contemptuously to Sir Charles's anxious whispers, "You are sure it's all right, Pelham, eh?" "You don't think there's any mischief brewing, eh?"—whenever they came in sight of a new beacon-light glaring from an overhanging precipice, or when the joyous tumult round the carriage threatened to degenerate into a fight, through the determination of those who were behind to push themselves into a position to gain a nearer view of its occupants.

He was disgusted with his uncle for being uneasy. It was another element of ridicule in the proceeding; and, oh! what a fool he felt, sitting up there without the chance of escape, while a crowd of grinning men and horrible gaunt old women stared at him and passed remarks among each other upon his growth and his good looks! If he had not understood every word they said, Irish as well as English, it would have mattered less. The struggle to keep his head still and his eyes staring steadily straight before him might have been relaxed, if he could have avoided catching, every now and again, a familiar word, a phrase, a sweet tone among the hubbub, that in spite of himself quickened his heart-beats suddenly, and exposed him to the horrible danger of finding that his dignity and reserve were sliding away from him, and that he,

sixth-form Eton Fellow as he was, might be reduced to the point of sharing the laughing, weeping, shouting, hand-shaking excitement of the idiots round him. He could hardly bear to believe in such a possibility; but a something that came in his throat, and the disgusting tendency his eyes had to wink and smart as if there were tears in them, put him upon his mettle and gave him resolution to preserve the wooden attitude of his countenance through all the appeals that met his ears.

"Shure it's himself thin. Blessings on the day I see him agin, though its nothing but a lock of his jet-black hair, that bates the world for beauty, that brightens me eyes yet. Misther Pelham, dear, I'm trying hard to get at ye, but the boys won't let me at all. I'm ould Molly Tully, the first nurse ye iver had, avourneen, who had ye in my arms before yer own mother, and did what was right by ye—wid the Holy Water—and tuck ye upstairs afore ye iver was down, that I might see ye rise in grandeur a step for ivery year of yer life, and niver forgetting ould friends in the height of the good luck that'll come to ye."

"Misther Pelham, yer honour, this way—give a turn of yer eyes this way—and ye'll see one that's thought of ye night and day since ye was gone, me wid the red hair—Dennis Malachy—Hill Dennis, the boys call me. Shure yer honour'll never have forgotten me, that picked ye out of the bog when ye was a little slip of a gossoon, and had lost yer way, and was crying fit to break yer heart. Don't ye mind how I carried ye home on my shoulder dripping wet, wid yer hands clutching hould of me hair, that has not lost the feel of yer fingers through it yet? Bad luck to ye, Murdock O'Toole, for pushing me back just as his honour was going to catch sight of me. I'll niver believe it's not glad to see me he'd be, once he knew I was in it; but how should he smile on us, boys, whin some of ye behave so badly, and won't let those come near that has the best right? It's ashamed of us, his honour is, bad luck to us for not knowing how to plase him better.

And he the eldest son of the Daly, sitting up there wid grand shoulders such as his father's son should have, and a face that bates all Ireland for beauty."

"Ah, here we are at last, thank God," cried Sir Charles, fervently. "There's the house not a hundred yards away. It's all very well to have seen such a thing as this for once, but I confess I shall not be sorry to find myself safe indoors, nor will you—eh, Pelham?—to judge by your face."

"There never was any chance of our not getting safe," answered Pelham. "The noise has been enough to split one's head; that was all there was to complain of. I saw the house half an hour ago, at the turn of the road."

He had been thinking that it had looked more like a real home when he had caught sight of it on the same spot three years before, at the beginning of his last visit, in the course of which he had painfully discovered how much of a stranger among them all his long absences and his different training had made him. If only he had never gone away, or never need come back, he sighed to himself!

There was his father standing out on the door-step, bare-headed, his tall figure and ruddy face seen distinctly by the glare of the torches and beacons, actually making a speech to the crowd that had now surged round the door, exchanging jokes and hand-shakes with the wildest-looking among them. Should he be expected to say or do anything while this horrible struggle between shyness and excitement was oppressing all his faculties like a night-mare? It was too bad. He resolved that he would not speak a word or give a look to anyone till he was safe inside the house. He got off better than he expected. His father came to meet him as he alighted from the carriage, put his hands on his shoulders, and looked in his face for half a minute. That was perhaps the worst ordeal of all. Pelham let his eyes drop to the ground, for he did not know what he should be obliged to say or do if he let them fairly meet the wistful gaze that seemed

to be trying to read his heart, and begging him to give in to the feeling of the moment. After all, what business was it of the staring, gaping people round, how he met his father after a few years' absence? What could he do but look down?

"Well, my boy, go in to your mother—she is waiting for you," Mr. Daly said. And then at last the door closed behind the new-comers, while Mr. Daly and Connor stayed without to entertain and thank and dismiss their escort.

It was all over; but Pelham could not help asking himself all the evening why he could not have had a pleasant, unostentatious, matter-of-fact reception, such as he had shared with his cousins year after year at Pelham Court. A little fuss, a little excitement among the womenkind; that was only tribute due to sons and brothers and male cousins, but no such outrages on dignity and feeling as the ordeal he had undergone. He could not forgive it all at once.

He had come home with one or two articles of English schoolboy faith strongly worked into his mind. One was that people who talked about or in any way displayed their feelings were humbugs, and had not really any feeling at all; another that there was something actually insulting to a gentleman in having any personal remark, much less a compliment, addressed to him by an inferior. Unfortunately at Castle Daly these principles were liable to be outraged every day.

With the exception of his mother, no member of the household ever thought of concealing his or her feelings, or scrupled to make claims upon other people's; and inside the house as well as out his steps were liable to be dogged by a crowd of hangers-on, who thought an exaggerated style of flattery a natural form of address from them to him.

It passed his comprehension how Ellen and Connor could let themselves be talked to, and joked with, and wheeled by the idlers who hung about the house. He was disposed to be friendly with his brother and sister.

He had felt lonely at Pelham Court when the brothers and sisters there introduced him to their friends as "Our cousin from Ireland," and he had fancied he was looked at critically. It was in some respects a pleasant change to have belongings of his own, but he was puzzled to discover any common ground for conversation between himself and creatures whose habits and tastes were formed on such a different model. It was far from him to make any display of his school learning, which, indeed, was not anything remarkable, and he was quite content to say to himself that Connor's education was no business of his; but with his Eton notions he could not always conceal his contempt for the desultory haphazard fashion in which his brother's studies were carried on, nor his dislike to what he considered the pedantic display of out-of-the-way knowledge in which he and Ellen occasionally indulged. It disgusted him immensely to hear them talking eagerly by the hour together of the exploits of kings and heroes with breakjaw names, of whom no civilised person had ever heard, or to see them walking up and down the hall, with their arms round each other's necks, vehemently spouting rhymes which Connor (who could not have put a decent Latin verse together to save his life) had been fool enough to compose. Pelham's notion of learning was, that it was a thing to be acquired by gentlemen in fit places at proper times, and, being once acquired, the right course for a gentleman was diligently to conceal or forget it, and never on any pretext to make it a subject of conversation or display. It was a great shock to his feelings to find that he had a brother capable not merely of writing ballads on ancient Irish history for his own amusement, but of spouting them publicly to a miscellaneous audience of grooms, under-gardeners, runners, helpers and beggars, and of deriving pleasure and consequence from their assurances "that it was himself who was the great, grand poet intirely, and had the trick wid the words that would

make all the hearts in Ireland bate to hear him."

Three years ago he had thought Connor something of a spoilt cub, whom it would take a great deal of public school discipline to lick into shape, but this assumption of the character of national poet was a worse feature in his case than Pelham was prepared for. He no longer cordially wished his younger brother to be sent back with him to Eton, so fully convinced was he that he would only make a fool of himself and of everyone connected with him there and everywhere.

There was, however, brotherly feeling enough in Pelham's heart to make him sorry to come to this conclusion and to induce him to attempt once or twice to lay his disgust before his mother, the one person in the house who appeared to him capable of hearing reason.

She took his complaints much more deeply to heart than he had at all intended her to do, and dropped so many sad little hints of yet more serious troubles and apprehensions weighing on her mind, that he was chilled and silenced. He was ready enough to find fault in a small way, and to fret himself about disagreeables that he could hope to see altered, but at the bottom of his heart he did love this incongruous disappointing Irish home very dearly, and serious fears about its well-being he had no wish to entertain. He had been used to hear his uncle burst out every now and then in an invective against his father's extravagance and general incapacity to manage his own affairs, and he had made it a point of conscience to disbelieve every word. It would be a most disagreeable result of this holiday visit if serious distrust and disapprobation of home doings were forced upon him.

Pelham had the more time to allow uncomfortable thoughts to grow in his mind because, after the first few days, he was not able to take part in the outdoor amusements and pleasure parties planned for his uncle's entertainment. He took cold, and had a slight return of fever, after a boating party on the lake,

and was obliged to be content to remain in the house with his mother, while the rest of the party were enjoying themselves abroad.

After a dull day he was not always in a mood to enter into Connor's histories of his own and his father's wonderful feats with gun or fishing-rod, and was often glad to take refuge in his uncle's dressing-room, the only place where Connor or Ellen were safe not to hunt him out, and listen to a more sober account of the day's proceedings. It was almost certain to be mixed up with comments and reflections that fell on Pelham's irritated mind like so many little blows; but a certain vague restlessness, kept alive by the sight of his mother's sad face, made him persist in putting himself in the way of hearing what pained him.

"Well," Sir Charles would begin, as he stood warming his back at the little wood fire that the damp climate made acceptable of evenings in summer, before he commenced his toilette for the very late dinner, "so I hear, four of the officers from Ballyowen barracks dine here again to-day. Very pleasant fellows, no doubt; but they drink a monstrous deal of claret. If I were your father I should be satisfied to have their company once in three months, instead of three times a week; but, I suppose, to keep open house, and never have a quiet evening, is what is called Irish hospitality. There ought to be a gold mine under the cellar to pay for it; that's all I've got to say. One thing is quite clear to me, however—it's not out of the land that money to keep up this style of living comes, or ever will come, while the estate's managed as it is at present by your father's precious old fogie of a bailiff, O'Roone. I can't make out whether that man is most knave or fool; but, anyhow, he deserves to be hung for the state he and your father between them have let the land get into. I know something about land, if I know nothing else."

"But my father owns a great deal of land. You can't ride over his property in a morning as you can over"—Pelham hesitated, seeing a slight look of disgust

cross his uncle's face—"over a moderate property in England, you know."

"I tell you—small or great—I would not take the whole as a gift, saddled with O'Roone, and with all the stupid incapable people your father has got hanging about. We have been across the lake to-day, riding over some farms that belong to your father, in the flat country where your grandfather built a hunting-lodge. O'Roone lives there now—a big rambling place; it must have cost a fortune to keep it up in the style your father says it was kept up in when he was a boy. When I think of what that money would have been bringing in now, if it had been spent in draining and improving the land, instead of being absolutely fooled away, I am amazed at the want of common sense that seems to run in some families. But, by all accounts, your grandfather was no worse than his neighbours—his house was not the only place where fortunes were fooled away. We rode home through a country split up into potato farms, where the people were actually burning the soil, because they've no manure to put in, and could not afford to let the ground lie fallow for a season. I'd heard of the ruinous practice before, but could hardly believe it possible till I saw the reek of the smoke along the hill-side. Well, while I was expressing pretty strongly to your father my opinion of such a system, and urging him to make a stand against it, we passed a good-sized mansion-house, actually in ruins—iron gates swinging wide on their hinges, and pleasure-grounds dank and overgrown, with a flock of mangy sheep feeding where the flower-garden had been. O'Roone rode up to my side, and volunteered to tell me the history of the last occupier of the place. I don't know whether he meant anything in particular by it, but it was just then I noticed the look on his face that made me wonder whether he really was the stupid old fogie one takes him for at first. Anyway, the story sounded like a warning, and I feel a shiver when I think of it now, though perhaps the wetting I got in the shower crossing the lake is to blame for that. One's never

safe in this climate. It seems there was a family called Lynch once lived there. A great friend of your grandfather's the old fellow was—imitated him in all his follies, and not having so much to justify him in extravagance, he died leaving his affairs in a worse plight. There were two sons. The eldest—no more enterprising than the most of these Connaught landlords seem to be—slunk off to live on a pittance abroad; but the younger was a clever lad, who had been brought up in England, and he determined to have a struggle to keep the estate in the family. He persuaded the creditors to let him have the management of the property, and set to work in good earnest to make the tenants pay their rents and do justice to their land, or leave it for those who would. He got on so well that in about ten years he had scraped enough money together to pay off the principal part of the debts. A day was fixed for a meeting of creditors, and he wrote to his brother to come home. But meanwhile he had made himself enemies; there was a conspiracy against him among the old tenants whom for their idleness he had been obliged to eject from their farms. Fourteen rascals swore to have his life, and on the very evening before the day when his brother was expected home to pay off the creditors and take possession of the estate, when he had lain down to sleep full of the triumph the next day would bring, the house was surrounded by a crowd of wretches with blackened faces, fire was set to the doors, and he was shot dead as he was trying to escape from a window. That was the welcome the elder brother got when he arrived at his old home early in the morning—a house in ruins, and the dead body of his brother stretched before the threshold. I wish I could forget the leer there was in that fellow O'Roone's eyes as he finished his story—I didn't like it. It was a great

deal too much like saying, 'See what comes of meddling fellows interfering with the customs of the country.' Of course it's no business of mine; it's only for your sake, Pelham, my lad, that I take upon me to advise your father, but I feel it will come hard upon you. Unless you grow up a different man from what I expect, you will never let things go on as they are now. You could not do it. And it will be a cowardly thing of your father if he leaves the onus of the changes to rest with you, when he himself has a sort of popularity that would help him to carry them through."

"My father could not do a cowardly thing," cried Pelham, blushing hotly. "If he refuses to make changes you may be quite sure it is not fear of danger that keeps him back."

"No, no; I don't suppose it is myself, but that is how I shall put the case when I talk over his affairs with him, as I have promised your mother to do on the first opportunity. When a fit time for such a conversation will come I can't say, for every moment is so taken up with pleasure here there is no time for business. It is all agreeable enough. I don't know that I ever was better entertained, or had better sport, and I shall always say I am very glad I came and saw it all. I understand the country now, at all events, and know why it does not prosper. No one ever need talk before me again of justice to Ireland, or the need of improved legislation. I'll never believe it can signify what sort of laws you make for a people who expect to get crops out of the soil without manuring it, and who in doubtful weather stand—six or seven of them—gaping round a hay-cart, without attempting to fill it, as I've seen since I came here. If you could give people common sense and industry by law, then there might be some good in talking."

(To be continued.)

THE LATE SIR GEORGE ROSE.

BUT for the circumstance that the word "wit" has so large a range of meanings, we might have been led to entitle this article "The Last of the Great Wits." For the distinguished lawyer and scholar whose name we have placed in its stead leaves behind him no one whose reputation for readiness and brilliancy of repartee seems likely ever to vie with his own. It is of this rare faculty that we propose to speak on the present occasion.

A memoir of the late Sir George Rose will doubtless appear in due course, in which full justice will be done to his memory as a lawyer, a scholar, and a much-valued friend. At present we confine ourselves to reproducing some samples of that ready wit or playful humour by which he had been famous for half a century to thousands in his own profession, but not, we believe, to any great extent beyond it. His good things were eagerly listened for and rapidly circulated in Bar circles; but they did not pass into society at large in any degree proportionate to their merit. Many of them, indeed, had a more or less pronounced legal flavour, and some were too purely technical to be understood by the uninitiated; but, setting these aside, there yet remain a number which appeal at once to a much larger audience.

To praise beforehand the excellence of a story that one is about to tell is notoriously a perilous course, and the same thing might be said of a preliminary eulogy upon a collection of such stories. But before proceeding to cite a few of Sir George Rose's *bons mots*, it may be allowed us to call attention to a few of their leading characteristics. In the first place, their singular *prompt-*

ness will strike the reader. The mental rapidity with which the retort follows upon the question or remark which provokes it is one of the most striking of the surprises to which the pleasure derived from wit has been attributed by the metaphysician. In the case of nine out of ten of the anecdotes of Sir George Rose, the wit of his reply must have been, from the very nature of the case, generated upon the spot. Again, though the wit is to a great extent verbal, the pleasure which it affords is but slightly due to the mere happy ingenuity by which words are tortured. The pun is rather the vehicle for the wit, than the wit itself. There is a prejudice, and a natural one, against punning and punsters. The simple play upon words is so easy, that it is sure to be resorted to by persons of no real humour, imagination, or mental vigour of any kind. But in the hands of a man of genius—a Hood, a Lamb, or a Sydney Smith—the play upon words invariably involves a play upon ideas, and often in consequence suggests feelings of admiration and delight different in kind, as well as degree, from those produced by analogies or discordances merely verbal. The word-quibble is lost and forgotten in the glow and warmth of the envelope of humour or sentiment in which it is enwrapped. In short, when the pun is the result of mere quickness in detecting analogies between words, it soon becomes tiresome and painful; where, on the other hand, it is the suggestion of true humour, it partakes of its originating force, and is itself instinct with humour. It is something more than the ingenuity or the promptness of Sir George Rose's puns that affords delight; it is that which,

for want of a better word, we may call their "drollery." They may be far-fetched, or even, on the other hand, may be based upon verbal analogies that have been often seized upon and made use of by jokers in all times; but in the particular use made of his material, Sir George never failed to be amusing. Some of his legal jokes turned, as we have said, upon legal phraseology which is quite unintelligible to the outside world. A few of the less abstruse, however, may be cited here. When, some years ago, the practice of having daily prayers in our churches was still a novelty, Sir George's own clergyman called upon him and asked him his opinion as to its adoption. Sir George replied: "I see no objection whatever; but I hope that in my own particular case—*service at the house will be deemed good service.*" Again, when a singularly matter-of-fact gentleman had related a story in which the listeners had failed after all their efforts to discover the faintest spark of humour, Sir George accounted for the circumstance at once. "Don't you see?" he said; "he has tried a joke, but reserved the point!"

The late Sir John Rolt, meeting him one day in the later years of his life, remarked to him, "I am very glad, Sir George, to see you looking so well. You do not look a day older than when you used to come among us." Sir George pointed to his hair, and said, "This *D—d poll* may not disclose the fact; but" (opening his mouth, and pointing to a certain gap in his front teeth) "*this Indenture witnesseth.*" It may be added for the instruction of the laity that a *Deed poll* is a kind of deed properly distinguished from an indenture. It must have been on a similar occasion when, his doctor assuring him that he would live to be a hundred, he promptly replied, "Then I suppose my coffin may be called a 'cent'ry box.'" When we thought of calling Sir George "the last of the great wits," we were in part deterred by the familiar line of Dryden, in which great wit and madness are spoken of as near akin.

A sounder mind than Sir George Rose's could hardly have been found among his contemporaries; and that it was accompanied by the sound frame is evidenced by his attaining to the ninety-third year of his age, and only passing away at the end "of a gentle decay."

The fertility of his fancy never failed him, even under the most unpromising and incongruous circumstances. When he was appointed one of the four judges of the (now extinct) Court of Review, he came to Lincoln's Inn with his colleagues to be sworn in. Some friend congratulating him on his access of dignity, he observed, "Yes! here we are, you see—*four by honours!*" In some case that was being heard before him in this court, it appeared that a picture of "Elijah fed by the ravens" had been given as part of some security. He handed down a note to one of the counsel in the case: "This is, so far as I am aware, the first instance on record of an *accommodation bill.*"

A friend meeting him one day in Lincoln's Inn Fields, with his left eye greatly swollen and inflamed, remonstrated with him, adding that he was surprised Lady Rose should have let him go out of doors in such a condition. "Ah!" replied Sir George, "I am out *jure mariti*" (my right eye).

Dining on one occasion with the late Lord Langdale, his host was speaking of the very diminutive church in Langdale, of which his lordship was patron. "It is not bigger," said Lord Langdale, "than this dining-room." "No," returned Sir George, "*and the living not half so good.*"

Sufficient has been already quoted to show that the verbal wit of the late Sir George Rose has a character of its own which distinguishes it from that of other famous jokers and bears the stamp of his own mind. Strictly speaking, it is its humour which predominates and is the real source of its effectiveness. It is amazingly quick, ingenious, and appropriate; but it is also eminently laughable. Less elaborate than Hood's, never ill-

natured, as was too often Jerrold's, it drew the most unpromising material into its crucible, and forced it to yield on the instant some grains of truest gold. One great feature in its effectiveness is its brevity. "All pleasantries," Voltaire has somewhere said, "ought to be short." Sir George Rose's wit was sometimes expressed in a single word. On one occasion, when a new serjeant had been created, and it became his duty, according to custom, to present rings to the judges, inscribed with the usual brief "posy" in Latin, Sir George indicated his appreciation of the then existing company of serjeants by suggesting for the motto in question, "*Scilicet*" (silly set). On another occasion, when dining with the Inner Temple, observing some salt-cellar in frosted silver, made in the shape of the "winged horse" of the Inner Temple, he merely pointed to one and murmured—"The *White Horse cellar*."

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of the merriment it promoted in the assembled guests. Happy faculty which can thus make a *contretemps* minister to mirth, and, like Ophelia, "turn to favour and to prettiness" the petty disasters and annoyances of every day! With Sir George the ruling passion was irrepressible. He was at a funeral, on a bitterly cold day in winter, and his companion in a mourning coach called his attention to the poor men in scarves, and bearing staves, who were trudging along by the side of the carriage. "Poor fellows," said his companion, "they look as if they were frozen!" "Frozen!" retorted Sir George; "my dear friend, they are *mutes*, not *liquids*." As a companion to this droll "improvement" of a funeral may be quoted his remark on an acquaintance who had died of dropsy—"He has gone to *Gravesend by water*."

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and information," thus writes one of the greatest of modern wits; "when it is softened by benevolence and restrained by strong principle; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it, who can be witty and something much *better* than witty, who loves honour, justice, decency, good-nature, morality, and religion, ten times better than wit;—wit is *then* a beautiful and delightful part of our nature. There is no more interesting spectacle than to see the effects of wit upon the different characters of men, than to observe it expanding caution, relaxing dignity, unfreezing coldness—teaching age and care and pain to smile, extorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy, and charming even the pangs of grief. It is pleasant to observe how it penetrates through the coldness and awkwardness of society, gradually bringing men nearer together, and, like the combined force of wine and oil, giving every man a glad heart and a shining countenance. Genuine and innocent wit like this is surely the *flavour of the mind*! Man could direct his ways by plain reason and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit and flavour and brightness, and laughter and perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to support uneasy steps over the burning marle."

The wit of the subject of the present paper could hardly have been better described had he sat for the portrait.

Not less remarkable than the quickness of his repartee was his gift of impromptu rhyming and extempore epigram. Many of these fugitive *jeux d'esprit* have long enjoyed a conversational currency in legal circles without having, in many cases at least, found any resting-place in print. Some of them carry us back in the circumstances of their origin to a generation already becoming historical. It was James Smith, of *Rejected Addresses* celebrity, himself an attorney, whose cruel reflection on his own calling provoked a

famous retort from Sir George Rose. The two epigrams have been often quoted, but may be excused for making one more last appearance in this company. James Smith had written thus—or "to this defect," for there is more than one version of the lines:—

"In Craven Street, Strand, ten attorneys are found—
And down at the bottom the barges abound.
Fly, Honesty, fly, to some safer retreat,
For there's craft in the river—and craft in the street!"

To which Sir George replied, impromptu:—

"Why should Honesty fly to some safer retreat,
From barges and lawyers, 'od rot 'em?
The lawyers are *just* at the top of the street,
And the barges are just at the bottom."

The following ingenious epitome of the arguments and ruling in a certain case carries us back to the days of Lord Chancellor Eldon. Mr. Vesey, the Reporter (of the Vesey and Beames Reports), being called out of court, begged Sir George (then Mr. George Rose) to take a note for him of the proceedings. The nature of the addresses on each side could not, it was felt, have been indicated more happily than in the lines which Mr. Rose submitted to the Reporter on his return:—

"Mr. Leach made a speech,
Angry, neat, and wrong;
Mr. Hart, on the other part,
Was right, but dull and long.
Mr. Parker made that darker
Which was dark enough without;
Mr. Cook quoted his book;
And the Chancellor said 'I doubt.'"

The lines were soon in every one's mouth, and a few weeks later when Mr. Rose was counsel in a case before the Chancellor, Lord Eldon having decided against him added in a tone which could not be misunderstood, "and in this case, Mr. Rose, the Chancellor does *not* doubt."

Sir George was specially fond of epitomising famous cases in a few lines of extempore verse. The following abridg-

ment of the Gorham case has not, probably, hitherto appeared in print :—

usage, but we cannot vouch for its authorship :—

Bishop.

Baptized, a baby
Becomes *sine tate* :
So the act makes him,
So the Church takes him.

Contra.

But is he fit?
We very much doubt it.
Devil a bit
Is it valid without it!

Adjudication.

Bishop non-suited :
Priest unrefuted :
Be instituted !

Reasons for Judgment.

Bishop and Vicar,
Why will you bicker
Each with his brother?
Since both are right,
Or one is quite
As wrong as the other.

Costs.

Deliberative,
Pondering well,
Each take a shell,
The lawyers the native !

The following is entirely in his manner, for he was never weary of making his jokes on what appeared to him frivolous questions of ecclesiastical

"What robe the clergy ought to wear
I own I neither know nor care,
A black dress or a white dress.
Vexed with a trouble of my own—
A wife—who preaches in her gown,
And lectures in her night-dress."

At a legal dinner given at Greenwich many years ago, the late Mr. Justice Bailey who was in the chair informed the assembled guests, when the decanters had begun to circulate after dinner, that as it was most important to ensure the safety of so eminent a company as that present, he had ordered a handsome and roomy omnibus which would be at the door at ten o'clock to convey them back to town. Sir George at once rose, and said :—

"The Grecian of old bade his comrades
entwine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine—
Which our excellent chairman interpreteth
thus,
Begin with a Bumper, and end with a Buss."

There must be many such playful trifles in the possession or remembrance of Sir George's friends, and the appearance of the present paper may serve to call forth from many a note-book or pigeon-hole other and worthier samples of his innocent and amusing talent.

REMINISCENCES OF DUELLING IN IRELAND.

A REVIEW of the annals of duelling, a practice formerly so frequent in Ireland, presented to the writer of the following pages an opportunity of combining some general reference to that subject with the particulars of duels which he attended as surgeon, and with anecdotes and episodes that may not appear altogether uninteresting.

I confine myself to extracts from the annals of the eighteenth century, and to their contrast with duels fought in the nineteenth century, down to the abolition of that ancient custom.

Resort to the duello became not only the medium for adjusting quarrels, but it developed the chivalrous instinct, the quick apprehension, and the indomitable resolution of the Celtic race to uphold the obligations of honour in every emergency. The memory of those attributes, handed down through generations, and fondly treasured in Irish story, was frequently and proudly recalled by the recital of traditionary tales of former duels, of chivalrous exploits, and of vivid anecdotes, depicting the impulsive detestation of dishonour that typified the national character. It was thus established, beyond the possibility of doubt, that satisfaction, demanded under circumstances which rendered responsibility more than questionable, was given in the duel field, sooner than risk the possible charge of cowardice. A very remarkable case in point, that came under my own direct observation, will be found hereinafter.

It is recorded by Sir Jonah Barrington in his Sketches, that duelling was a *legalized* practice—that it was very prevalent—that it was generally performed in the presence of crowds, and frequently before high authorities—viz. lords, justices, bishops, judges, and other people of rank, accompanied by their ladies. He further relates, that a singular pas-

sion for duelling existed; that numbers of grave personages signalized themselves in single combats; and he gives a list, abridged from the accounts of 227 official and remarkable duels (including considerable numbers of killed and wounded) that were fought in his own time. Among these he states that the following eminent lawyers fought before their elevation to the Bench. The Lord Chancellor of Ireland, Earl Clare fought the Master of the Rolls, Curran. The Chief-Justice of the King's Bench fought Lord Tyrawley, a Privy Councillor, Lord Llandaff, and two others. The Judge of the County Dublin, Egan, fought the Master of the Rolls, Roger Barrett, and three others. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Right Honourable Isaac Corry, fought the Right Honourable Henry Grattan, a Privy Councillor, and another. Baron of the Exchequer, Medge, fought his brother-in-law, and two others. Lord Norbury, Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas, fought "Fire-eater" Fitzgerald and two others, and frightened Napper Tandy, with several besides—one hit only. Doctor Dingenan, Judge of the Prerogative Court, fought one barrister, and frightened another on the ground—this last a curious case. Henry Deane Grady, Chief Counsel to the Revenue, fought Counsellor O'Mahon, Counsellor Campbell and others—all hits. The Master of the Rolls fought Lord Buckingham, the Chief Secretary. The Right Honourable Hely Hutchinson, Provost of Trinity College, fought Mr. Doyle, Master in Chancery (they went to the plains of Winden to fight), and some others. Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas, Patterson, fought three country gentlemen, one of them with swords, another with a gun, and wounded all of them. The Right Honourable George Ogle, a Privy Councillor, fought

Barney Coyle, a distiller, because he was a Papist. They fired eight shots, and no hit; but one of the seconds broke his own arm accidentally. The Honourable Francis Hutchinson, Collector of the Customs in Dublin, fought the Right Honourable Lord Mountmorris. In addition to that list, Sir Jonah refers to two duels fought by himself, one of them with Mr. Richard Daly, a Galway gentleman (at the time a Templar), whom he hit on his breast-bone; and the other with Counsellor Leonard McNally, whom he hit on the side of his chest. Sir Jonah also adverts to a duel wherein his brother, William Barrington, was killed under melancholy circumstances detailed hereinafter.

Sir Jonah further states that the education of young gentlemen was considered imperfect unless they had exchanged shots; that a class of duellists, called "Fire-eaters," was in great repute; that one of those gentlemen fought sixteen duels in two years, thirteen of them with pistols and three with swords; that pistols or swords were used in duels, according to agreement; that every family had pistols, with long barrels and hair-triggers, also long silver-hilted swords, with narrow straight blades sharp as razors; that these weapons descended as heir-looms to their posterity; that Galway gentlemen were most scientific with the sword, those from Tipperary with the pistol, while Roscommon, Mayo, and Sligo, supplied proficients in both.

With reference to the proceedings adopted in fighting duels, Sir Jonah says that it was not always considered necessary to measure the distance at which the combatants were to be separated from each other when about to fire; that, on some occasions, they fired when each thought fit to do so, without waiting for a signal; that one duel was fought as follows:—no ground was measured; the combatants were placed one hundred yards asunder; one of them kept his post steadily, the other advanced gradually and obliquely, contracting his circle round his opponent, who continued to change his front by

corresponding movements, both parties aiming now and then as feints, and then lowering their pistols. This *pas de deux* lasted more than half an hour, until the circle was contracted to a short distance, when both fired, and the ambulator was desperately wounded. That each combatant in another duel, where the ground was measured, held two pistols, and fired simultaneously. That a duel was fought in 1759, on horseback (one of the principals being Colonel Barrington, Sir Jonah's grandfather), according to an ancient practice, whereby the combatants, holding pistols, loaded alike with a certain number of balls or slugs as agreed upon, were to gallop past each other, with liberty to fire at discretion; but only while galloping. If it were decided to continue the contest after the pistols were discharged, it was to be finished either on horseback with short broadswords, or on foot with small-swords. On the occasion in question, each opponent was armed with two holster-pistols, charged with balls and swan-drops, together with a broad-bladed sword and a long broad-bladed dagger. When nearing each other, both fired and missed. In a second course, Colonel Barrington received his opponent's swan-drops, but not the bullets, in his face, when a fierce battle with swords ensued, during which both were severely gashed, and the duel ended.

The causes that provoked the duels were frequently of the most frivolous nature; many quarrels arose without provocation, and many things were considered as quarrels that were not quarrels at all. Thus gentlemen often got themselves shot before they could tell what they were fighting about. At length the principal "fire-eaters," fearing that disrepute would fall upon their acts, instituted through delegates from Tipperary, Roscommon, Galway, Mayo, Sligo, a code of the laws and points of honour, with directions that it should be strictly observed by all gentlemen, and kept in their pistol-cases for reference, and also to prevent the plea of ignorance on any occasion. In accord with the principles and pri-

vileges embodied in that code, seconds were invested with ample authority and complete instruction to deal with every form of quarrel, and were bound by unmistakable rules to conduct and control the management of duels.

The advantages derivable from a judicious application of the code were evinced by undeniable improvements in the practice of duelling. Thus, while the spirit of chivalry remained unfettered, the causes of duels, the method of fighting, and other concomitants, were more suitable to the perfect maintenance of honour than they had been in the preceding epoch. A curious incident of a duel fought by the sons of Messrs. Dillon and French, of whom both held the Commission of the Peace for the county of Roscommon, may be taken as a specimen of this heroic spirit. The mother of Mr. Dillon junior, bestowed her blessing on him when he was departing for the place of meeting his antagonist, but she also assured him that he might expect her malediction if he returned tainted with the slightest brand of dishonour. That declaration of Mrs. Dillon became generally known, and was highly extolled, and I had an opportunity to satisfy myself as to the truth of the anecdote.

The causes that induced hostile messages and duels, during the period to which my personal knowledge applies, may be ascribed to quarrels that sprung up through electioneering politics—from sectarian and religious strife, disputes about property, gambling transactions—and to personal assaults inflicted directly by the hand, by horse-whipping, or by a tap on the shoulder while saying “take that for a horsewhip,” or by striking the face with a glove, a form of assault still practised in France, where it provoked a fatal duel in 1872. A settlement after such assaults was, by the rules of the code, inadmissible until after a shot; but, on some occasions, the person assaulted was permitted to accept a horsewhip from the offender, to be used on his back while he begged pardon. An abject written apology was also permissible to be published if

deemed necessary. When the *lie direct* was given a message was always delivered, and it was then very difficult to prevent a duel, even by permitting the utterer to beg pardon in express terms.

Gentlemen engaged in serious quarrels consulted friends of equal rank in society with themselves, to whom they entrusted the defence of their honour as seconds, who thus became sole and absolute guardians of the reputations confided to their safe-keeping. Their position was, consequently, most responsible; it was their earliest duty to inquire strictly into the nature and extent of the quarrel, and they were bound by the rules of the code to attempt a reconciliation and to prevent a duel if possible. They were always to bear in mind that grave reprehension would inevitably attach to them should a duel, with serious results, be fought that might have been prevented by their interposition. On failure of negotiations for an amicable settlement, the seconds would agree that a duel should take place, and would fix time and place. Arrived at the spot, the seconds were entitled to toss a coin for choice of ground and for other privileges—a proceeding of much importance, because the winner of the toss became empowered to select a favourable position for his principal, and to prevent the use of ground surrounded by hedges, trees, or other objects calculated to direct the aim of *either* principal.

The distance whereby the principals were to be separated was invariably measured by the second who won the toss, and who exercised his discretion by keeping in view the ascertained facts that there might be comparative safety at *nine* yards—that danger might be expected at *twelve* yards—and that bullets sometimes *hit point blank* at *fifteen* yards. These results were scientifically attributable to the courses which the round balls then used took in their parabolical transit. I had frequent opportunities of observing the accuracy of those calculations, and I witnessed at Bagnere in the Hautes Pyrénées a

fatal duel at fifteen yards. The principals were placed asunder at twenty yards, and advanced to posts which separated them by fifteen yards, whence, in accordance with a custom in vogue on the Continent, also in Ireland during the eighteenth century, they fired at their leisure, and without signal. One of them, a celebrated marksman, who had killed more than one adversary, adopted his usual method of aiming on his knee (distinctly prohibited by the code) and, while rising to fire, was shot dead through the forehead.

The seconds were to select pistols of equal length and bore for each principal, and it was not unusual to seek for those that had been previously tried in duels. I have often seen some that were purposely chosen because they were *nicked* on the handles, each nick denoting that a hit had been made from that weapon. The seconds loaded the pistols in presence of each other in order to secure equality in the measure of powder, and a *single* ball was always put into the pistol, being an improvement on the custom, sometimes practised in the eighteenth century, when *balls*, *slugs*, and *swan-drops* were placed together in each pistol.

The winner of the toss placed his principal at that end of the measured ground where, for obvious reasons, he stood with his back to the sun. Both seconds covered their principals by standing closely in front, and thereby preventing each principal from viewing the other until they perfectly understood the directions relative to firing. They then withdrew to some distance aside. The firing was regulated by word of command, or by signal given by the winner of the toss, who, on agreement with the other second, selected one of the following:—"Gentlemen, make ready—fire;" or, "Gentlemen, one, two, three—fire;" or, "Gentlemen, watch the handkerchief that I hold, and fire when you see it fall from my hand." This last signal was often adopted as being most humane, because each principal fixed his eyes on the

handkerchief, and off the body of his adversary.

Duels were fought in Ireland with swords as well as with pistols in the eighteenth century, when the nobility and gentry carried swords appendant to their promenading costume. The great improvement derived from disuse of the sword can be estimated by reference to the savage encounter wherein Colonel Barrington was engaged, and by an anecdote related to me by the late Sir Richard Nagle, Bart., M.P., who showed me a spot, close to St. Martin's Church, in Trafalgar Square, London, where a fatal sword duel was fought in the eighteenth century between one of his ancestors and another Westmeath gentleman. Those individuals, between whom there remained an old unsettled quarrel, met suddenly at the place indicated, and, without the intervention of seconds to see fair play, attacked each other with their swords, and Sir Richard's kinsman fell mortally wounded.

Duels were fought with swords in France as late as 1872, when on one occasion these weapons were selected, though declined on discovery that one of the principals was a swordsman of noted proficiency, who, however, killed his opponent when pistols were substituted. The two following very recent cases have also occurred in France. It was stated in the *Semaphore* of Marseilles, dated 26th April, 1873, that "a duel with swords took place on the preceding Saturday, between M. Emile Bouchet, deputy, and M. Théophile Fabra, correspondent of the *France Républicaine*. The parties met in the wood of St. Julien, and after two attacks, which lasted about six minutes, M. Fabre was severely wounded in his right arm, near the shoulder, and the combat was discontinued." The other duel was fought on July 7th, 1873, at Bettenberg, on the Luxemburg territory, where the parties, M. Ranc, deputy for Lyons, and writer in the *France Républicaine*, and M. Paul de Cassagnac, editor of the *Pays*, arrived from France. "At the end of the first assault, which

lasted ten minutes, blood appeared in the upper part of M. Ranc's right arm; M. Ranc and his two seconds having declared that the wound was not serious enough to interrupt the duel, a second assault took place, in which, after a few minutes, M. de Cassagnac was wounded in the hand, M. Ranc's sword entering the palm and passing through the wrist. M. de Cassagnac was compelled to drop his sword. His surgeon declared the wound to be serious, and that considerable inflammation must ensue in the hand and fore-arm. The seconds then decided that it was impossible to continue the duel. The duel attracted a large crowd."

Of the great presence of mind displayed by principals a very remarkable instance occurred at my first insight of such contests, which happened accidentally during my apprenticeship to the late Sir Philip Crampton, Bart. When approaching Stevens's Hospital on an early summer morning, I noticed some carriages, containing gentlemen, and proceeding to the Phoenix Park, whither, impelled by curiosity, I followed until they halted near the Under Secretary's lodge. I then observed two gentlemen, armed with pistols, placed opposite to each other at a short distance, and that one of them faced the dazzling sun (his second having evidently lost the toss for choice of position). The man thus exposed to so dangerous an impediment of vision, wheeled round and, with perfect *sang-froid*, transferred the pistol to his left hand, with which he fired and hit his adversary. Such presence of mind made a strong impression on me, which was renewed when I witnessed the following instance at a duel which took place near the Wellington testimonial in the Phoenix Park, between Messrs. R. D. Browne, M.P. for Mayo, and R. Jackson, J.P. County of Armagh. The meeting resulted from a gambling quarrel, and I attended both principals professionally under these circumstances: I was on the ground as Mr. Browne's surgeon, and I was requested by Mr. Jackson to act for him

also, in the absence of his surgeon, who had not arrived. The coolness and presence of mind evinced by these gentlemen may be estimated by the fact that, when a signal was given for a second round, each of them continued to aim deliberately at his adversary, with manifest anxiety to secure a hit by the next shot. At that critical moment I availed myself of my responsibility to both combatants, and called on them to lower their pistols and avoid murder. That appeal produced an instantaneous effect; neither of them fired; the seconds held a consultation, after which mutual apologies by the principals restored the friendship that previously subsisted between them.

Amongst the duels provoked by the blindness of bigotry two proved fatal, one of them being fought by Messrs. Daniel O'Connell and D'Esterre, the other by Messrs. Hayes and Brick. Mr. O'Connell, having publicly and severely denounced the Dublin Corporation for some observations, most offensive to Roman Catholics, made at a meeting of that body, was grossly assaulted in Grafton Street by Mr. D'Esterre, who acted as champion for the Corporation, and who was, soon afterwards, mortally wounded by Mr. O'Connell in a duel near Naas. The duel between Messrs. Hayes and Brick originated from an exchange of violent abusive language near the General Post Office in Sackville Street, while waiting in considerable excitement for the Cork mail, with expected intelligence of an election. The duel took place near Glasnevin, and Mr. Brick was shot dead by a ball through his heart.

Five other remarkable duels arising from party-disunion occurred in the period to which I allude. The principals in one of these were Counsellor Wallace, K.C., and Counsellor O'Gorman, Secretary of the Roman Catholic Association.

Another of them was distinguished by the following notable incidents. The proposal of the Lord Lieutenant's health, in his Excellency's presence at a regatta ball supper in Kingstown, was

insultingly met by a counter toast strongly obnoxious to the feelings of the Roman Catholics assembled in large numbers on that festive occasion. Immediate excitement succeeded so ungracious a *contretemps*; an uproarious tumult was accompanied by a cross-fire of everything tangible on the tables, during which a gentleman (whose name I forget) being struck by some missile, fixed upon Counsellor Ottiwell as the individual who had thrown it. A challenge on the spot was followed by a meeting at Dalkey Island, when, after an exchange of three rounds and during preparation for a fourth, the appearance of blood upon Mr. Ottiwell's trousers terminated the conflict. He then admitted that he had been wounded in his leg by the first shot, but concealed the fact, fearing that its disclosure might be construed into a pretext for ending the affair; and he, moreover, declared upon his honour that he had not thrown the missile which had caused the duel. Bearing in mind that Mr. Ottiwell was not a Roman Catholic, it appears reasonable to attribute his chivalrous conduct and singular courage to his idea that the obligations of honour precluded his refusal to fight when challenged to do so.

The third duel was thus produced: the news of Mr. Ottiwell's declaration speedily circulated amongst the parties who attended the regatta ball, one of whom, Mr. Kinsella, a young merchant of Dublin, admitted that he had assaulted Mr. Ottiwell's opponent, by whom he was thereupon challenged. The meeting took place at Glencree, county Wicklow, where the principals, seconds, and medical attendants (including myself as Mr. Kinsella's surgeon) assembled. Owing, however, to the unlevel state of the ground, an adjournment was made to Lough Bray, the residence of Sir Philip Crampton, who peremptorily refused to permit a combat on his territory. A second adjournment being thus indispensable, a meeting was fixed to be held near Maynooth on the following day. Meanwhile, Mr. Kinsella was arrested and bound over, with two

sureties in heavy bail, to keep the peace. Nothing daunted, he resolved to keep the appointment, and, after several attempts to elude the vigilance of the authorities, he escaped from Dublin in one of Gerty's *mourning coaches*, and overtook all the parties whom he found collected at a public stage where four coaches, up and down between Dublin, Galway, and Sligo, had pulled up to change horses. It was then eight o'clock on a fine evening in July, and the scene formed by the assemblage of so many vehicles, including Mr. Kinsella's *demi-hearse*, was heightened by the outpouring of all the coach passengers who, together with the guards and drivers, discarding their responsibilities, abandoned the road and followed the combatant congregation, then largely increased by countrymen from the neighbourhood, to an adjacent field, where the duel was fought at twelve yards distance. Mr. Kinsella was desperately wounded by the first shot, the ball having passed directly through the lower part of his neck from the right to the left side, whence it made its exit. Having succeeded in arresting hæmorrhage, I returned to Dublin with my patient, whose recovery, although tedious, was complete. His conduct all along, and his determination to give the satisfaction demanded from him, afforded unmistakable evidence that he, like Mr. Ottiwell, duly estimated the principles of honour that bound him to shun the slightest danger of imputed cowardice.

The fourth of these unfortunate encounters afforded proof that the members of the public press could not escape from the noxious influence of party controversy. Messrs. Lavelle and Norton, proprietors of two leading newspapers in Dublin, one supporting, the other opposing, the political principles of the Government, drifted gradually into vituperative personalities in print that terminated in the delivery of a challenge to fight. A meeting took place at London-bridge, near Irish-town, but the duel was prevented by the interference of the residents. The parties then adjourned to a field

beyond Donnybrook, opposite to Nutley the seat of Mr. Roe, on the Stillorgan road, where the duel came off. Being present, as Mr. Lavelle's surgeon, I ventured, after the exchange of two rounds, to suggest a settlement, urging that enough had been accomplished to satisfy the honour of both gentlemen whose quarrel was confined to pen and paper. My proposal was agreed to, after a consultation between the seconds, and it was very satisfactory to behold a shake hands by the principals.

The fifth and most important case in the category forcibly delineated the inevitable emergency that compelled a nobleman holding the highest state position to vindicate his honour when assailed for his untiring exertions to stem the torrent of religious political embroilments. On the 6th of March, 1829, the Duke of Wellington announced in the House of Lords that "he had the sanction and support of his Majesty for introducing the Catholic Relief Bill." His Grace was then accused of "political treachery," and of having used "masked batteries," because he had been extremely reserved in his public conduct during the interval between November 1828 and March 1829. Repeated undisguised attacks of that description, tending to his dishonour, resulted in a duel with the Earl of Winchelsea—a display of personal courage to which the Duke subsequently adverted as "having been only a part of the Catholic question."

A duel between Captain Nolan and Mr. Browne afforded me an opportunity of witnessing a remarkable instance of the numerous cases on record where lives were saved by the stoppage of pistol-balls that hit vital regions. These gentlemen quarrelled about land in the county of Roscommon. The meeting took place near Phibsborough, in one of the then called Bishop's Fields, into which Captain Nolan was carried, as he was very feeble through chronic rheumatism. I attended him professionally, and they fought at twelve yards distance. After one harmless round, the Captain (notorious for his certain hitting in many

previous combats) objected to the small charge of powder in the pistols, remarking that they were mere squibs, and that although he would hit Mr. Browne in the next round, the ball would not do much harm. Accordingly he did hit him, but the ball, after passing along his forearm, was stopped in the coat-sleeve of his elbow, which he had firmly pressed on his hip in order to steady his hand, a position known to duellists as the "Kerry safe-guard." Had the charge held another pinch of powder the ball would inevitably have entered Mr. Browne's liver. Similar escapes are mentioned by Sir Jonah Barrington, who states that in his duel with Mr. Daly the ball was stopped by that gentleman's brooch, and that in his duel with Counsellor McNally, the ball glanced off after it struck the buckle of the Counsellor's braces. Sir Jonah also related that the life of Judge Burrowes was saved by some coins in his pocket. A near relative of my own saved the life of a friend whom he accompanied to a duel, by placing in his side pocket a horse-shoe picked up on the way to the meeting. The ball struck the horse-shoe, and was thereby prevented from entering the breast.

Another quarrel about property caused a duel between Messrs. Troy and Hyland, who met for that purpose on the fifteen acres in the Phoenix Park, where I attended as Mr. Hyland's surgeon. The dispute between these gentlemen arose from a mutual impression that they were bound to vindicate the honour of their fathers, who had assaulted each other while wrangling about the boundary of some land. The combatants, placed twelve yards apart, essayed to fire, but the charge in Mr. Troy's pistol did not explode, and he was not hit by his opponent's fire. The seconds decided that, in accord with the twentieth rule of the code, the miss-fire was equivalent to a shot, and they also decided against further proceedings, as they considered that the honour of all parties had been satisfied by the meeting and by the conduct of the principals.

The following narrative will serve

to preface the relation of impetuous and deplorable incidents of duelling. Messrs. L. Dillon, of the county Roscommon, and R. Harvey, of the county Wexford, quarrelled and assaulted each other while practising pistol-ball fire at Rigby's Shooting Gallery in Suffolk Street, which they frequented for that purpose. A meeting took place near Finglass but was interrupted by the police, the principals and seconds escaping. Being present as Mr. Dillon's surgeon, I was arrested and marched to a Dublin Police Office, where I was charged as being one of the principals, and detained until I procured bail. I then rejoined Mr. Dillon at the Phoenix Park, where the duel was fought. The combatants stood at nine yards distance and fired five shots each without a hit. That very remarkable fact, considering that both were crack shots, resulted, no doubt, from the well-known uncertainty wherewith pistol-balls pass through a straight line at short distances. An incident that occurred after the fourth round created quite a sensation. Mr. Ebenezer Jacob, of Wexford, a noted duellist and second to Mr. Harvey, overhearing some unpleasant remarks relative to the continued firing, brandished a handkerchief, and, pistol in hand, exclaimed aloud that the first person who should again use such language must fight him across the handkerchief. It is needless to add that no further observations were heard: the fifth shots were exchanged, and the seconds withdrew their principals.

A fatal occurrence, under somewhat similar circumstances, took place afterwards at a duel in the Queen's County. One of the principals, Mr. M. D., was accused by his adversary's second with having insulted him during the duel, and was challenged by him to fight on the spot. That invitation was declined, with an assurance that no offence had been intended. The challenger thereupon tossed a handkerchief to Mr. M. D., aiming at the same moment a pistol at him, and vociferating that he would instantly fire if Mr. M. D. persevered in refusing to fight.

Forced to this desperate alternative, Mr. M. D. snatched a pistol and shot his provoker dead, when the ball, having passed through his body, desperately wounded a ploughman in the next field. Mr. M. D. was tried at the following Assizes for homicide, and was acquitted.

Sir Jonah Barrington thus relates the fatal result of a similar incident whereby his brother, William Barrington, was killed:—"In consequence of an after-dinner quarrel between that gentleman and Lieutenant McKenzie, a meeting took place in a verdant field on the bank of the Barrow, midway between Athy and Carlow. The combatants fired, and missed; they fired again, and no mischief ensued. A reconciliation was then proposed, but was objected to by Captain (afterwards the celebrated General) Gillespie, who was the second of Lieutenant McKenzie, and who insisted that the affair should proceed. Mr. Barrington, who had previously held out his hand to his opponent and expressed a hope that enough had been done to satisfy the honour of both, made use of some harsh language towards Gillespie, who thereupon, losing all control over his temper, suddenly threw a handkerchief to Mr. Barrington, asking if he dared to take a corner of it, and on his attempt to do so he received a ball from the Captain through his body, and died that evening. Captain Gillespie was tried for murder before Judge Bradstreet, who clearly laid down that it was such in his charge to the jury, who, however, gave a verdict of justifiable homicide."

The courses of balls fired in duels frequently presented remarkable anomalies after hitting the body. Some idea may be gathered from the following description of two cases within my own personal knowledge. In a duel between Mr. D. Ferrall and Mr. B. Fallon, both gentlemen of property in the county Roscommon, the former was hit on the right side of the body, *through which the ball apparently passed as it made exit directly opposite, and broke one bone of*

his left arm. The attendant surgeon naturally calculated upon immediate dangerous consequences and caused the transfer of his patient to a farmer's house close by. His view fortunately proved erroneous, as Mr. F. recovered without any internal inconvenience, and with perfect recovery of his wounded arm. In a few days after the duel the course of the ball became manifest by the discovery of a dark bluish streak that traversed the lower and front part of his body, from the entrance of the ball to its exit. It was obvious that the ball had been diverted by its immediate collision with one of the lower ribs, or with the crest of the pelvis.

The other case to which I allude was followed by the untimely termination of the individual's life. Mr. McL., a gentleman holding a Government appointment in Dublin, was wounded in a duel by a ball that passed through his pelvis, in which it apparently lodged. He was attended on the ground and subsequently by my intimate friend, the late Surgeon Kerin, who was assisted in the after-treatment by my master, the late Sir Philip Crampton. I learned from those friends, at the time, that in their opinion the ball was probably lodged in the bladder. Mr. McL., however, recovered after a tedious illness, and went to reside with his mother and stepfather, who lived between Naas and Newbridge. The murder of the latter, shortly afterwards, by Mr. McL., was providentially discovered by a dragoon on his return at midnight to the barracks in Newbridge, who mistook McL.'s residence for another house, where the soldiers occasionally got drunk at late hours. The dragoon, wishing to obtain some, approached a light in the window, through which he peeped, and actually witnessed the fatal blows inflicted by McL. with a hammer on his stepfather's head. Immediate information by the dragoon led to the arrest of McL., who was tried for the murder, and executed in Naas. At the earnest request of Messrs. Crampton and Kerin, I attended the execution, and, being provided with

letters of introduction to the Sheriff, and to the surgeon of the county infirmary, to whom (as the law then existed) the body was delivered for dissection, I readily obtained permission to make a post-mortem examination. I discovered at once the opening in the bone of the pelvis through which the ball entered, but, after the most searching trial, was unable to trace its further course. The bladder had not been wounded, nor could I discover any opening in the bones by which the ball could have escaped. Finally, however, its lodgement in the integuments *on the inside of the right knee* was ascertained through the information of a warder, who heard McL. complain frequently of a pain in that spot.

I have thus far related duels exemplifying displays of courage, chivalry, and presence of mind; but bearing in memory my intention, expressed at the outset, to describe duels fought in the nineteenth century, I cannot forbear to record, however reluctantly, the circumstances of two intended contests that presented absolute departure from the vital principles of honour. Being professionally engaged on both occasions, I had full opportunity for observation. Resulting from an encounter on the stairs of the Theatre Royal, wherein Sir R. O'D. received a blow from Mr. W., a meeting took place on the Fifteen Acres, Phoenix Park, where, being present as Sir R.'s surgeon, I witnessed the following burlesque. Sir R. took his place on the measured ground, but Mr. W. remained in a carriage close by, and obstinately refused to leave it, without assigning a reason for such perseverance. The vehicle was then surrounded by a crowd of spectators, who, in turns, peeped through the windows, and with expressions of mockery, mingled with insulting inquiry, suggested the forcible transfer of the occupant to the post marked on the ground for him. When all efforts failed to induce a change of mind, Mr. M., Sir R.'s second, rode up to the carriage and discharged a pistol

across the windows, jocosely exclaiming, "Surely the dread of that sound created your want of courage!" At length a most abject apology was drawn up, and, when signed by Mr. W., was read aloud to the assemblage by Mr. M.

The second contest referred to collapsed in a manner not less inappropriate to the principles of honour. Mr. B. having learned that a military officer quartered in Dublin had spoken disparagingly of a near relative, demanded an explanation from that officer when he met him dressed in uniform. An evasive, insolent reply provoked a quarrel, during which Mr. B. horsewhipped the officer, who, in return, drew his sword, but his attempt to use it on Mr. B. was prevented by casual passengers. Happening to ride up at the moment, I witnessed the entire affair, which occurred in Grafton Street, at the corner of Wicklow Street, then called Exchequer Street. A hostile meeting was soon arranged, but was frustrated by the arrest of Mr. B., who lost no time, when released on bail, in communicating to the officer his anxiety to renew the duel. It was then fixed that both parties should proceed to France, and I was engaged by Mr. B. to accompany him as his surgeon. The journey was, however, rendered unnecessary by a compromise that included the officer's consent to accept a written apology from Mr. B., which was delivered in the presence of military and other gentlemen.

It is very unpleasant to refer to such displays of the *white feather*, particularly to that shown by an officer who drew his sword upon an unarmed gentleman, and afterwards, eschewing a fight with him on equal terms, felt satisfied to accept an apology in exchange for a public horsewhipping inflicted while he wore his Majesty's uniform. It is, however, more consonant to my feelings to testify that upon no other occasion have I noticed in duellists the least glimmer of inclination to forget their unyielding fealty to the national banner, with its indomitable motto "*Mors ante dedecus.*"

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affair between Mr. B. and the officer gave rise to much caustic public commentary, and it was bruited about that other officers felt that, with regard to the honour of the regiment, it was placed in a very unpleasant dilemma. That impression was materially strengthened by a most unfortunate transaction which immediately afterwards created a painful sensation in Dublin. Captain Roland Smyth, of the same corps, while driving his cabriolet in Nassau Street, accompanied by a brother officer, approached directly against the horse ridden by Mr. Standish O'Grady, and thus compelled that gentleman to raise his whip in order to divert the horse driven by Captain Smyth, who, thereupon, applied his driving whip unsparingly upon Mr. O'Grady's person and horse. (I heard at the time the account now given of that incident from a gentleman who witnessed its occurrence from Morrison's Hotel.) An immediate challenge was followed by a duel on 18th March, 1830, near Dolphin's Barn, and Mr. O'Grady fell mortally wounded. That fatal result aroused an expression of universal reprobation, especially when it transpired that the fight took place in a small field bordered by hedges converging to an apex behind which there stood a large haystack, and that Mr. O'Grady, placed in the angle, presented a favourable target for Captain Smyth.

All the circumstances of this melancholy affair, so rashly and wantonly provoked by Captain Smyth, were elicited at the inquest, when Captain Smyth and his second, Captain Markam, were committed to the prison of Kilmainham, "for killing Mr. Standish S. O'Grady in a duel." These officers were tried for that offence on the 24th of August, 1830, before Lord Plunket and Judge Vandeleur, and sentenced to twelve months' confinement in Kilmainham prison.

The following occurrence forcibly exemplifies the influence that can be exercised over the mind when acutely sensible to the dictates of honour, however erroneously indulged. Being in professional attendance upon a young

gentleman when he fought a duel near Phibsborough, in which two rounds were exchanged, I closely observed the courage and coolness exhibited by him on the ground; yet he shortly afterwards committed suicide with an equal display of courage and determination. Having learned that a lady to whom he was greatly attached, and on whose reciprocal affection he had every reason to rely, was married to another person, he took a huge dose of laudanum, and, in order to ensure the accomplishment of his design, subsequently swallowed arsenic. When discovered labouring under the effects of the narcotic, he was conveyed to Richmond Hospital and relieved by the stomach-pump, but the arsenic produced effects that could not be neutralized, and he very soon expired. Here was an individual of unmistakable courage, who feared not to face death when defending his honour, yet with equal fortitude secured that end through labouring under a fatal apprehension that he was dishonoured and precluded from obtaining satisfaction for that stigma. He verily and practically proved his faith in the adage, *malis mori quam fedari*.

The rapid stride of civilization that leads certainly to humanity; the growing influence of public opinion evinced by opposition to hostile meetings, as contrasted with the crowded attendance of enthusiastic spectators in former days; the excitement created by some of the conflicts to which I referred, and by others in various parts of the kingdom, gradually undermined the propensity for duelling. The decline and fall of the practice was hastened by the duel between the Duke of Wellington and Lord Winchelsea, to which Jeremy Bentham thus alluded in a letter to the Duke: "Ill-advised man, think of the confusion into which government would have been thrown had you been killed or hurt, and your trial for the murder of another been substituted in

the House of Lords for the passing of the Emancipation Act." It thus became known beyond dispute that duelling in the United Kingdom was *illegal* and subject to the ordinary process of the Criminal Courts, a most salutary change from the *legal* protection that previously surrounded those contests. That important change was subsequently confirmed in Ireland by the punishment of the military officers engaged in a fatal duel.

Nevertheless the fine old Celtic pride has not departed, and it is fondly hoped that it will continue in all future ages to animate the national heart, and assist it to beat in a spirit of manliness, combined with moderation, and thus uphold unsullied honour, the symbolical ensign of Erin's children.

M. CORR, M.D., M.A.

DUBLIN, September 1873.

P.S.—Since I wrote the preceding pages, the occurrence of three duels in France fully corroborates some leading characteristics in my reminiscences. On the 25th of November, 1873, M. Ghilka fell mortally wounded by a ball fired at *twenty-five yards' distance* by Prince Soutza—a result strongly confirming the theory* that balls from pistols in the hands of duellists hit *point blank at certain long distances*. On the 27th of the same month Baron de St. George was mortally pierced through his lungs with a sword by Vicomte de Mauley; a proof that duels with swords are still fought in France. On the 23rd of December, Vicomte de Menan and Baron de Montesson fought *firstly with pistols*, then, after two ineffective shots by each, *they fought with swords*, and the Viscount's lungs were dangerously penetrated. This contest would appear to revive on the Continent the Irish double-duel practice of the eighteenth century.

M. C.

January 1874.

MENDELSSOHN.

BY FERDINAND HILLER.

CHAPTER IV.

FRANKFORT (SUMMER OF 1836).

My dear mother had given up living in Paris, so as to leave me free for a journey to Italy, which I had long wished to undertake. We returned to Frankfort in the spring of 1836, and immediately after our arrival I hurried off to Düsseldorf. The Lower Rhenish Musical Festival was to take place there that year under Mendelssohn's direction, and "St. Paul" was to be performed for the first time. The room in the Becker-garden (now the so-called "Rittersaal" belonging to the town music-hall) was too small for the large audience and orchestra, and in the "Sleepers wake" chorus, the blast of the trumpets and trombones down from the gallery into the low hall was quite overpowering. I had arrived too late for rehearsal, and, sitting there all alone, listening to an entirely new work, in a frightfully hot and close room, was naturally not so deeply impressed as I expected to be. But the audience, who had already heard it three or four times, were delighted; the performers were thoroughly inspired; and on the third day, when, among other things, the chorus "Rise up, arise" was repeated, I listened with very different ears, and was as enthusiastic as anybody. The oratorio afterwards grew on me more and more, especially the first part, which I now consider one of the noblest and finest of Mendelssohn's works.

Mendelssohn was in every way the centre-point of the Festival, not only as composer, director, and pianist, but also as a lively and agreeable host, introducing people to each other, and bringing the right people together, with a kind word for everybody. There I saw Sterndale Bennett for the first

time, renewed my boyish friendship with Ferdinand David, and greatly enjoyed meeting the young painters of Schadow's school, many of them already famous. The only musical part of the Festival which I remember, besides "St. Paul," was Mendelssohn's and David's performance of the Kreutzer Sonata, which they played with extraordinary spirit and absolute unity.

A few days after my return, Felix followed me to Frankfort. The first thing which he encountered there was a report of the Festival (the first that he had seen), in which "St. Paul" was spoken of in that lofty, patronizing, damaging tone so often adopted by critics towards artists who stand high above them. It was some time before he could get over the fact that the first criticism of his beloved work should be so offensive—so that the writer had gained his object. Our excellent friend Schelble had been obliged, by illness, to retire to his home at Hüfingen, in Baden, and Mendelssohn had promised meanwhile to undertake the direction of the "Cæcilia" Society for him. He took it only for six weeks, but during that short time his influence was most inspiring. He made them sing Handel and Bach, especially the wonderfully beautiful cantata by the latter, "Gottes Zeit ist die allerbeste Zeit." He knew how to communicate his own enthusiasm to the chorus, and completely electrified them. At the same time he won all hearts by his invariable good-nature and kindness in every act and word.

Mendelssohn was living in a fine house belonging to Schelble, which stood at the corner of the "Schöne Aussicht," with a splendid view up and down the river. It was a pleasant place, and he enjoyed receiving his friends there, and loved an occasional

interruption even in the morning by sympathetic visitors.

Our house, at the "Pfarreisen," was not far off, and we saw a great deal of each other. My dear mother, who in spite of her intense love for me could easily be enthusiastic about talents which surpassed my own, was in raptures with Mendelssohn, and ready to do anything for him that lay in her power. She soon discovered his favourite dishes, and knew how to indulge him in so many little ways, that he felt quite at home with us. She would often secretly order a carriage for us, so that we might make excursions in the beautiful environs of Frankfort. On one of these expeditions I had the opportunity of seeing my friend in rather a passion. It was near the village of Bergen. The coachman did or said some stupidity or other, upon which Mendelssohn jumped out of the carriage in a towering rage, and after pouring a torrent of abuse upon the man, declared that nothing should make him get into the carriage again. The punishment was on our side, and my mother was quite frightened when we arrived late in the evening, hot and exhausted, having had to walk the whole way home. At supper, Felix himself could not help laughing, though still stoutly maintaining that he was right.

I remember once, directly after dinner, Mendelssohn's taking up my *Studies*, which lay on the piano, sitting down, and playing off the whole four-and-twenty one after the other in the most splendid style. My mother was in ecstasy. "He is a real man, that Felix," she said to me, beaming with delight. He, meanwhile, was in the greatest spirits at having given us pleasure, but so hot and excited that he went off directly to my room, to the leathern sofa on which he was so fond of rolling about.

We had many pleasant and interesting visitors at that time, amongst others the famous Swedish song-writer Lindblad, whose northern accent added a peculiar charm to his liveliness and gaiety. His visit was short, but we

saw a great deal of him. One morning, after Mendelssohn had played his overture to "*Melusine*," he said, "That music actually listens to itself!" Perhaps it does—and it must be delighted with what it hears.

A special interest was given to that spring by Rossini's visit to Frankfort, and his almost daily meetings with Mendelssohn at our house. This most renowned of all Maestros had come to Frankfort with the Baroness James Rothschild, for the wedding of one of the younger members of the family—in the Baroness's mind no doubt to swell the glory of the feast by his presence. She was a highly cultivated lady, and knew Rossini's best side, having had plenty of opportunity, during their long journey, of observing his deep appreciation of whatever was beautiful, and his delight in art and nature. Rossini, since his "*William Tell*," had reached the highest pinnacle of his fame, and was at that time also at the height of his personality, if I may so express myself. He had lost the enormous corpulence of former years: his figure was full, but not disproportioned, and his splendid countenance, in which the power of the thinker and the wit of the humourist were united, beamed with health and happiness. He spoke French quite as well as Italian, and in a most melodious voice: his long residence in Paris, and intercourse with the best people there, had transformed him from a haughty young Italian into a man of the world—dignified, graceful, and charming, and enchanting everybody by his irresistible amiability. He had called on us one morning, to our great delight, and was describing his journey through Belgium, and all that had struck him there, when I heard the door-bell, and feeling certain that it was Mendelssohn, ran out to open the door of the corridor. It was Felix, and with him Julius Rietz, who had just arrived. I told them that Rossini was there, and Mendelssohn was delighted; but, in spite of all our persuasions, Rietz would not come in, and went off. When Felix appeared,

Rossini received him with marked respect, and yet so pleasantly, that in a few minutes the conversation resumed its flow and became quite animated. He entreated Mendelssohn to play to him, and though the latter was somewhat disinclined, they arranged to meet at our house again next morning, and these meetings were often repeated in the course of the next few days. It was quite charming to see how Felix, though inwardly resisting, was each time afresh obliged to yield to the overwhelming amiability of the Maestro, as he stood at the piano listening with the utmost interest, and expressing his satisfaction with more or less delight. I cannot deny the fact—and indeed it was perfectly natural—but Felix, with his juvenile demeanour, playing his compositions to a composer whose melodies just then ruled the whole world of song, was, in a certain measure, acting an inferior part; as must always be the case when one artist introduces himself to another without any corresponding return. Mendelssohn soon began to rebel a little. "If your Rossini," said he to me one morning when we met in the stream of the Main, "goes on muttering such things as he did yesterday, I won't play him anything more." "What did he mutter?" I asked; "I did not hear anything." "But I did: when I was playing my F sharp minor Caprice, he muttered between his teeth, '*C'est la sonate de Scarlatti*.'" "Well, that's nothing so very dreadful." "Ah—bah!" However, on the following day he played to him again. I must add that even in his later years Rossini looked back upon this meeting with Mendelssohn with heartfelt pleasure, and expressed the strongest admiration for his talent.

The impression that Rossini made on the whole colony of Frankfort musicians was really tremendous. As early as the second day after his arrival I had to drive about with him to all the artists of importance, and with many of them to act the part of interpreter. Some were ready to faint with fear and surprise when he appeared. Afterwards

my mother invited all these gentlemen, and one or two foreign artists who happened to be staying in Frankfort, to meet him at a *soirée*; and it was almost comic to see how each did his best to shine before the great leader of the light Italian school. Capellmeister Guhr played a sonata of his own, Ferdinand Ries the Study with which he had first made a sensation in London, Aloys Schmitt a Rondo, and some one else a Notturmo. Mendelssohn was intensely amused at the whole thing. Rossini was more stately than evening than I ever remember to have seen him: very polite, very amiable, and very complimentary—in fact, *too* complimentary. But next day his sly humour came out. A grand dinner had been arranged in his honour at the "Mainlust," and as many celebrities of all kinds as there were room for took part in it, Mendelssohn among the rest. When the dinner was over, the hero of the day began walking up and down the garden and talking in his usual way; meanwhile the place had become crowded with people who wanted to see the great man, and who pushed and squeezed and peered about to get a peep at him, he all the time pretending to ignore them utterly. I have never witnessed such a personal ovation to a composer in the open air—except, perhaps, on his way to the grave!

The year 1836 was one of the most important of Mendelssohn's life, for it was that in which he first met his future wife. Madame Jeanrenaud was the widow of a clergyman of the French Reformed Church in Frankfort. Her husband had died in the prime of life, and she was living with her children at the house of her parents, the Souchays, people of much distinction in Frankfort. Felix had been introduced to them, and soon felt himself irresistibly attracted by the beauty and grace of the eldest daughter, Cécile. His visits became more and more frequent, but he always behaved with such reserve towards his chosen one, that, as she once laughingly told me in her husband's presence, for several

weeks she did not imagine herself to be the cause of Mendelssohn's visits, but thought he came for the sake of her mother, who, indeed, with her youthful vivacity, cleverness, and refinement, chattering away in the purest Frankfort dialect, was extremely attractive. But though during this early time Felix spoke but little to Cécile, when away from her he talked of her all the more. Lying on the sofa in my room after dinner, or taking long walks in the mild summer nights with Dr. S. and myself, he would rave about her charm, her grace, and her beauty. There was nothing overstrained in him, either in his life or in his art: he would pour out his heart about her in the most charmingly frank and artless way, often full of fun and gaiety; then again, with deep feeling, but never with any exaggerated sentimentality or uncontrolled passion. It was easy to see what a serious thing it was, for one could hardly get him to talk of anything which did not touch upon her more or less. At that time I did not know Cécile, and therefore could only act the sympathetic listener. How thankless the part of confidant is, we learn from French tragedies; but I had not even the satisfaction of being sole confidant, for S. was often present during Felix's outpourings; but then, again, we could talk over all these revelations, and our affection for Mendelssohn made it easy for us to forgive the monotony which must always pervade a lover's confidences. Mendelssohn's courtship was no secret, and was watched with much curiosity and interest by the whole of Frankfort society; and many remarks which I heard showed me that in certain circles, to possess genius, culture, fame, amiability, and fortune, and belong to a family of much consideration as well as celebrity, is hardly enough to entitle a man to raise his eyes to a girl of patrician birth. But I do not think that anything of this sort ever came to Mendelssohn's ears.

In the beginning of August he went to the seaside for the benefit of his health, and also, as Devrient tells

us on good authority, to test his love by distance. Soon after he left, I got the following letter from the Hague; and his humorous irritation shows even more plainly than his pathetic complaints, how hard he found it to bear the few weeks' separation.

"S GRAVENHAGE, 7th August, 1836.

"DEAR HILLER,—How I wish I were at the 'Pfarreisen' with you, telling you about Holland, instead of writing to you about it. I think it is impossible in Frankfort to have any idea how dull it is at the Hague.

"If you don't answer this letter directly, and write me at least eight pages about Frankfort and the 'Fahrthor,'¹ and about you and your belongings, and music, and all the living world, I shall probably turn cheesemonger here and never come back again. Not one sensible thought has come into my head since I drove out of the *Hôtel de Russie*; now I am beginning by degrees to accustom myself to it a little, and have given up hoping for any sensible ideas, and only count the days till I go back, and rejoice that I have already taken my sixth bath to-day, about a quarter of the whole dose. If you were me, you would already have packed up ten times, turned your back on the cheese-country, said a few incomprehensible words to your travelling companion, and gone home again; I should be glad enough to do so, but a certain Philistinism that I am known to possess holds me back. I had to stay three days instead of two at Düsseldorf, because it was impossible to get S. away, and I think those few days did a good deal towards making me melancholy. There was such an air of the past about everything, and fatal remembrance—for whom you know I care but little—would play its part again. The Festival is said to have been fine, but that did not make the time any less tedious. I had to hear no end about Schindler and his writings and refutations, and it was not amusing. I dined at —, and that also recalled bygone times. Rietz is for the moment recovered, but looks so dreadfully ill and worried, and is so overworked by the musical set at Düsseldorf, and so ill-treated by others, that it made my heart ache to see him. We had rain on the steamer as far as Rotterdam; Schirmer came on here with us,

¹ The Jeanrenauds lived close to the "Fahrthor."

and then went by steamer to Havre, and after that to Paris—but, oh! I wish I were at the 'Pfarreisen!'—for all the real bother began here. S. got cross, and found everything too dear, and we couldn't get a lodging or a carriage, and the Dutch did not understand German, though S. boldly addressed them all in it; and his boy was naughty, and there was no end of bother. We have got a lodging at the Hague now, and drive out to Scheveningen every morning at eight, and take our bath, and are all in good working order. However, nothing can destroy the effect of the sea out at Scheveningen, and the straight green line is as mysterious and unfathomable as ever, and the fish and shells which the tide washes up on to the shore are delightful. But still the sea here is as prosaic as it can possibly be anywhere; the sand-hills look dreary and hopeless, and one sees hardly any reflection in the water, because the level of the coast is so low; half the sea is just the colour of the shore, because it is very shallow at first, and only begins to be deep far out. There are no big ships, only middling-sized fishing-boats; so I don't feel cheerful, though a Dutchman caught hold of me to-day as I was running along the shore and said, 'Hier solle se nu majestuosische Idee sammele.' I thought to myself, 'It's a pity you are not in the land where the pepper grows and I in the wine-country.' One can't even be really alone, for here too there are musical people, and they take offence if you snub them. There are actually some Leipsic ladies, who bathe at Scheveningen and go about afterwards with their hair all down their backs, which looks disgusting, and yet you're expected to be civil to them. My only consolation is Herr von —, which shows how far gone I am; but he also is bored to death, and that is why we harmonize. He keeps looking at the sea as if he could have it tapped to-morrow if he chose; but that does not matter, and I like better walking with him than with the Leipsic ladies with their long hair. Lastly, I have to teach S.'s boy, help him with his Latin construing from Cornelius Nepos, mend his pens, cut his bread and butter, and make tea for him every morning and evening, and to-day I had to coax him into the water, because he always screamed so with his father and was so frightened—and this is how I live at the Hague, and I wish I were at the 'Pfarreisen.'

"But do write soon and tell me all about it,

and comfort me a little. . . . That was a good time we had in Frankfort, and as I seldom talk of such things, I must tell you now how heartily thankful I am to you for it. Those walks at night by the Main, and many an hour at your house, and the afternoons when I lay on your sofa, and you were so frightfully bored and I not at all—I shall never forget them. It really is a great pity that we meet so seldom and for such short times; it would be such a pleasure to us both if it could be otherwise. Or do you think we should end by quarrelling? I don't believe it.

"Have you ever, since I went away, thought of our Leipsic overture which I am so fond of? Do let me find it finished when I come back; it will only take you a couple of afternoons now, and hardly anything but copying. And my pianoforte piece, how about that? I have not thought of music here yet, but I have been drawing and painting a good deal, and I may also perhaps bring back some music. What is the Cecilia Society doing? Is it alive still, or sleeping and snoring? Many things belonging to our Frankfort time are over. . . . — told me to-day that H. is engaged to be married: is it true? Then you too must marry soon. I propose Madame M. Have you seen her again, and the Darmstadt lady? Write to me about all Frankfort. Tell Mdlle. J. that there is only one engraving hanging in my room here, but it represents *la ville de Toulon*, and so I always have to think of her as a Toulonese. And mind you remember me to your mother most particularly, and write to me very very soon. If my patience is not exhausted, I shall stay here till the 24th or 26th of August, and then travel by land or by water back to the free-town of Frankfort. Oh that I were there now! If you show this letter to anybody I wish you may be roasted, and anyhow I should be hanged; so lock it up or burn it, but write to me at once, *poste restante, à la Haye*. Farewell, and think nicely of me and write soon.

"Your F. M. B."

It will easily be conceived that I did not burn this letter, and I shall hardly be blamed for not keeping it locked up any longer. A few days after I received it I met with a little accident. Jumping into the swimming-bath in the Main at low water I trod on a sharp piece of glass, and must have cut a small

vein, for when, with a good deal of pain, I got to land, a little fountain of blood sprang from the wound. I was more amused than frightened at the sight, but towards evening I had a kind of nervous attack, which made me feel very weak and ill. A few days later the doctor recommended change of air, and sent me to Homburg, at that time a most retired and idyllic little spot. There was one small house near the mineral spring, in which my mother and I established ourselves: the whole bathing-population consisted only of some two dozen Frankforters. From there I sent Mendelssohn a report of myself, and received the following answer:—

“THE HAGUE, 18th August, 1836.

“DEAR FERDINAND,—This is very bad news which your letter gives me, and the whole tone of it is so low-spirited that it shows what a tiresome and serious illness you have gone through. I hope you are getting on better now, and that these lines will find you in quite a different frame of mind to the one you wrote to me in; but as you had to be sent to the country, the thing must have been rather obstinate, and if with your strong constitution you had nervous attacks, and suffered from exhaustion, it must really have been serious, and you must have needed much patience, poor fellow! I only hope that it is all over now, and that I shall find you in Frankfort again quite strong and well. It is curious that I also should have hurt my foot bathing, about eight or ten days ago (much less seriously than you, of course, only sprained), and since that time I limp about laboriously, which certainly creates a sort of sympathy between us, but only makes the stay here more tiresome; for if one can't give full play to one's body (in a twofold sense) in a bathing-place like this, one really has nothing else to do. In fact, if you expect this to be a cheerful letter I am afraid you must take the will for the deed, for I am much too full of whims now that I am obliged to limp, and am no good as a comforter. Besides this, S. took himself off a few days ago, and has left me here alone amongst the people 'who speak a strange tongue.' Now I have to swallow all the *ennui* by myself—we used at least to be able to swear in company. The bathing seemed to exhaust him too much, and he was

afraid of getting seriously ill, so I could hardly press him to stay, and he is probably already sitting comfortably and quietly at Düsseldorf, whilst I have our whole apartment to myself, and can sleep in three beds if I like. Twenty-one baths make up what they call the small cure, the minimum that can do one any good, and when I have finished these I shall be off in a couple of hours, and I look forward to Emmerich and the Prussian frontier as if it were Naples or something equally beautiful. Next Monday I shall take this long-expected twenty-first bath, and my plan is to go up the Rhine by steamer, as unfortunately there is no quicker way. I must stop a day at Hirschheim, at my uncle's, for on the way here I hardly stopped at all; and I hope to goodness on Sunday evening, the 28th August, I may celebrate Goethe's birthday at Frankfort in Rhine wine; and as I write this you can't imagine how I long for the time. Shall we be able to spend the evening together directly? I am always afraid you will stop too long at your Homburg, and who knows whether I should be able to go and see you there? Whereabouts is this Homburg? Is it Homburg vor der Höhe, or Hessen-Homburg where the Prince comes from, or which? Just now it seems to me as if I had also heard of one in the Taunus; if so, and that be yours, could not we meet somewhere between Frankfort and Mainz on the 28th? That would be splendid, and we would come along together past the watch-tower into Frankfort, and have such a fine talk all the evening. Please write me a few lines about this, and about how you are—you would be doing me a great kindness; only say how and when I am to meet you, and give me good news of yourself and your belongings. I can plainly see from your letter that it was an effort to you, and I thank you all the more for having written it, and you must please make another good effort, even if it is only a few lines, and address it to Herrn Mendelssohn, Coblenz, and then I shall get it quick and sure. I am drawing a great deal, but composing little; but I wish I were at the 'Pfarreisen.' Forgive this stupid letter; farewell, and may we have a happy meeting on the Main, in good health.

“Always your F. M. B.”

In consequence of this letter I must have offered to meet Mendelssohn at Höchst, which I could easily reach from Homburg. Nothing came of it, how-

ever, as may be seen from the following note :—

"COBLENZ, 27th August, 1836.

"DEAR OLD DRAMA,¹—I got your letter yesterday at Cologne, and could only answer it to-day from here in great haste, for it is better to tell you the rest. I shall not be able to say exactly when I go from Mainz to Frankfort, and come to Höchst. I have to have leeches on my stupid foot to-day, *par ordre de moufti (chirurgien)*, and so must stay here to-morrow, and keep quiet; it would be too horrible if I came to Frankfort and had to stay in. I hope to be able to come on Monday evening, but I may still perhaps start to-morrow morning, and in any case I am too uncertain to be able to give you a *rendezvous*. I must obey the leeches; but anyhow I could not have gone to Homburg with you; I feel myself far too much drawn to the old Free-town, and you know how I long to be there. Do come back there soon, and let me find a line from you, *poste restante*, Frankfort, to say how and when you will come, so that I may meet you. Remember me to your people, and keep well and happy, in major, and 6-4 chords of all sorts.

"Your F. M. B."

Mendelssohn's engagement took place while I was at Homburg—a great event, and much spoken of. He called on us one afternoon with his *fiancée* and her sister, but as he had only a very short time to be with her, one could not make any demands on so happy a bridegroom. Towards the end of September, if not sooner, he was obliged to return to his Leipsic duties, and could not even remain for a great rural festivity given at the "Sandhof" by the grandparents of Cécile, to celebrate the engagement. He went off, with post-horses, in an old carriage which my mother lent him. I had put off my journey to Italy, so as to undertake the direction of the Cæcilia Society, and shortly afterwards received the following letter :—

¹ I had given my first Concert Overture in D minor, which I have mentioned once or twice, the title of "Overture to the Old Drama of Fernando;" this brought about the often-repeated expression of "Old Drama," and so on. When it was published I omitted this title, as it referred to a drama which is only now beginning by degrees to be an old one.

"LEIPSIK, 29th October, 1836.

"MY DEAR FERDINAND,—Cécile says you are angry with me,—but I say, don't be so, at least not very, for my long silence really may be forgiven. You cannot have any idea of the heap of work that is put upon me; they really drive it too far with music here, and the people never can get enough. I have rehearsals almost every day, sometimes two, or rehearsal and concert the same day, and when I am tired and done up with talking and beating time, I don't like then to sit down and write to you. If you had been a really nice fellow you would long ago have sent me a few lines, and have thought, 'As he does not write first, he probably can't, so I will,' and certainly you are not as driven and worried as I am and then you often see Cécile, and you might have written to me about her, and you don't do it a bit, and yet you expect to be called noble-minded! But I won't complain if you will make up for it directly, and write and describe everything which has happened to you since the 19th of September at midnight.

"About myself there is really nothing to say. I conduct the Subscription Concerts and divers others, and I wish with all my heart I were at the 'Fahrthor.' You have plenty to write about—how you are living, how your people are, whether you have time and inclination for composing, how my pianoforte piece is getting on, and the Cæcilia Society; how my bride is looking, how you behave in their house; about Schelble, about the fat P., about all Frankfort (where I would so gladly be, and you perhaps in Leipsic), all this you must write about, and do it very soon, dear Ferdinand.

"After all I have something to tell you about, and that is our second Subscription Concert and your Overture in E, with which you gave me and all of us real and heartfelt pleasure. It sounded extremely fresh and beautiful with the orchestra, and was played with real liking; some parts, from which on the piano I had not expected so much, came out admirably in the orchestra, especially one where it goes down *fortissimo* in whole notes (your favourite passage, very broad and strong) and sounds splendid, and my wind instruments went at it so heartily that it was quite a treat. David made the strings do it all with the down bow—you should have heard it; and then the softness of the wind instruments, and the return to

E major pianissimo! The whole composition gave me more pleasure than ever, and I liked it better than any of the new ones that I know. The so-called public were less delighted than I had expected and wished, because it is just the kind of thing that they can and ought to understand; but I think it comes from their not yet having seen your name on any instrumental composition, which always makes them chary of their enthusiasm in Germany. So it's lucky that the Director of the theatre sent the very next day to ask for the Overture for a concert which is to be given in the theatre in a week or two, and I promised it him. (I hope you don't mind.) On the 8th of January we do the one in D minor, and towards the end of the winter I shall probably repeat both. I don't know what the reviews have said about it, for I did not read them; Finck said to me that it was 'beautiful writing,' and Sch... was going to write at length about it—God grant it may be something good. But what does it matter? The generality of musicians here were very much pleased with it, and that is the chief thing. But when is my pianoforte piece coming?

"You had better not boast so much about your Cæcilia Society; we Leipzigers are getting up a performance of 'Israel in Egypt,' which will be something quite perfect; more than 200 singers, with orchestra and organ, in the church;—I look forward to it immensely; we shall come out with it in about a week, and that is also one of the things which makes my head in a whirl just now, for these rehearsals, with all the amateurs, ladies and gentlemen, singing and screaming away all at once, and never keeping quiet, are no easy matter. You are better off at the Cæcilia Society, where they have been well drilled into obedience,—but then they criticise among themselves, and that isn't nice either. In fact—and so on! I wish I were at the 'Fahrthor'—and also at the 'Pfarreisen,' you may believe me or not. Stamaty is staying here, and I have got to teach him counterpoint—I declare I really don't know much about it myself. He says, however, that that is only my modesty. And the carriage! How am I ever to thank you enough for it now? . .

"Are you a Freemason? People declare that there are some four-part songs for men's voices in the lodge here, which no one but a Freemason could have composed. Do you still mean to keep to your Italian journey in the spring? Pray, dear Ferdinand, write

soon and long, and forgive my silence, and don't punish me for my small paper with the same. My best remembrances to your mother, and write soon and keep well and happy.

"YOUR FELIX M. B."

And a few weeks later this one:—

"LEIPSIK, 26th November, 1836.

"DEAR FERDINAND,—Here is your Overture (if you object to my having kept the autograph I will bring it you at Christmas and exchange) and the copies of your songs which you wanted, and which I went and got from Hofmeister. Many thanks for your delightful long letter, but now that I hope, please God, to be in Frankfort this day three weeks, I hardly feel in the mood to answer it properly. It is so much nicer and pleasanter to do it oneself in person. I should have sent you the Overture long ago, if the copyist had not kept me waiting such a shameful time; the one in E will have to be repeated at one of the next concerts, and now I am curious to see what they will say to the D minor. As to the carriage, I am thinking of bringing it back myself at Christmas. I am having it repaired a little, and the smith declares it will then be perfect. I owe your mother many thanks for having lent it me. Stamaty will be at Frankfort in a few days, on his way back to Paris—I maintain that he has got *de l'Allemagne et du contrepoint double par dessus les oreilles*—and in three weeks, please God, I myself come to Frankfort. O that I were at the 'Pfarreisen!' I should first come and say good evening to you, and then turn to the right. To-day I can only say, *auf Wiedersehen!* Remember me to your mother.

"YOUR FELIX M. B."

I have very little to tell about the short visit which he paid his *fiancée* at Christmas, excepting that I saw him oftener than I could have expected under the circumstances. He interested himself much in my work at the Cæcilia Society, where they had begun studying "St. Paul" under my direction. Our performance of it was the first after the Leipsic one, which Mendelssohn himself had conducted—though in reality the third, counting that at the Düsseldorf Festival, while the work was still in manuscript.

Shortly after his return to Leipsic I received the following letters:—

"LEIPSI, 10th January, 1837.

"DEAR FERDINAND ('OLD DRAMA')—First let me thank you for the *nervos rerum* which you lent me, and which I now return; they were of the greatest service, for I had very little left when I got here. Still I don't think that that was the chief reason why I felt so dreadfully low when I came into my room again on the evening of my return—so low, that even you with your flinty heart would have pitied me; I sat quite quiet for full two hours, doing nothing but curse the Subscription Concerts to myself. And with this old strain I come back to Hafiz, and wish I were at the 'Pfarreisen.' I am always happy there. Tell me yourself, what pleasure *can* I take in the remaining nine concerts, in the Symphony by H. and the Symphony by S. The day after to-morrow we have Molique's symphony, and that is why I am writing to you, because we had to put off your Overture till the next concert, when we shall also have [Sterndale] Bennett's pianoforte concerto, the sacrifice scene¹ from 'Idomeneo,' and Beethoven's B flat symphony. I meant not to write before next Friday, but as that would put it off for a week, and I want to save my reputation as a man of business, I will write again then. So you had better look out and answer me before that, or I shall abuse your Overture, or rather, make it go badly, and intrigue against it, *secundum ordinem Melchisedek*, etc. . . . You once praised me for making friends of all the German composers, but this winter it's the very reverse—I shall be in hot water with them all. I have got six new symphonies lying here; what they are like, God only knows, I would rather not; not one of them would please, and nobody has to bear the blame but me, because I never let any composers but myself have a chance, especially in symphonies. Good heavens! Ought not the Capellmeisters to be ashamed of themselves, and smite their breasts? But they spoil everything with their cursed artistic consciousness and the wretched divine spark which they are always reading about.

"When am I to have my pianoforte piece, 'Drama'?"

"I have sent my six Preludes and Fugues to the printer to-day; they will not be much played, I fear; still I should very much like you to look them through some time, and tell me if anything pleased you in them, and also anything to the contrary. The Organ Fugues are to be printed next month; *me voilà*

perruque! I wish to goodness that some rattling good pianoforte passage would come into my head, to do away with the bad impression. Oh dear! I only really care about one thing, and that is the calendar. Easter falls early—I wish it would fall now. However, I have informed my Directors that I must leave directly after the last concert (17th of March), and cannot conduct any oratorio, either my own or the Angel Gabriel's, because of family affairs. They understand this, and think it quite fair. If only I had not to wait so long. How many times must it thaw, and freeze, and rain, and must I be shaved, and drink my coffee in the morning, and conduct symphonies, and take walks, before March comes. Schumann, David, and Schleinitz (though he does not know you) wish to be remembered to you. I must leave off and go to dinner; in the afternoon we rehearse Molique, in the evening there is a fête for the newly-married couple (the Davids); his wife is really here, and is a Russian, and he is married to her, and is a brother-in-law of Prince Lieven, and our 'Concertmeister.' It is needless to say more. Many remembrances and good wishes to your dear mother, and many compliments de Mdlle. J. And so farewell, and do not forget your

"FELIX M. B."

"LEIPSI, 24th January, 1837.

"MY DEAR FERDINAND,—I have to give you my report of the performance of your D minor Overture,¹ which took place last Thursday evening. It went very well; we had rehearsed it very carefully several times, and many parts of it greatly surpassed my expectations; the most beautiful of all is the A minor *piano* passage in the wind, and the melody that follows it—it sounds capital; then also, at the beginning of the so-called working-out, the *forte* in G minor, with the *piano* after it (your own favourite passage), and then the drums and wind instruments *piano* in D major right at the end. The winding-up sounds far better in the orchestra than I had expected. But I must tell you that after the first rehearsal, relying on the good understanding between us, I could not resist changing the basses to the melody in A—and also where it comes back in F and in D—from *staccato* to sustained notes; you can't think how restless

¹ Afterwards published by Breitkopf and Härtel, with many alterations, under the title of "First Concert Overture in D minor, Op. 32."

they made it sound, so I hope you won't be annoyed at my taking such a liberty; I am convinced you would have done the same, for it did not sound at all as you wanted it to.

"But now, there is still something on my mind which I want to say. The Overture, even at the performance, did not take hold of the musicians as I had wished, but left us all a little cold. This would have been of no consequence at all, but it was remarkable that all the musicians whom I spoke to, said the same—they had all been extremely pleased with the first subject and the whole of the opening, and the melodies in A minor and major, and so far had felt quite worked up by it, but from that point their liking began to decrease, till by the end, the good and striking impression of the subject was forgotten, and they felt no more interest in the music. This seems to me important, for it touches again upon a matter about which we have had such endless discussions, and the want of interest with which it is possible for you at any time to regard your art, must at last be felt by others also. I would not like to say this to you if I were not so perfectly convinced that the point is just one at which every man is left to himself, and where neither nature, nor talent, nor even the very greatest, can help him, but only his own will. I dislike nothing more than finding fault with a man's nature or talent; it only depresses and worries and does no good; one cannot add a cubit to one's stature, all striving and struggling are useless there, so one has to be silent about it, and let the responsibility rest with God. But when it is a case like the present with your work, where all the themes, everything which is talent or inspiration (call it what you will) is good and beautiful and impressive, and the development alone not good, then I think it may not be passed over;—there, I think that blame can never be misplaced,—that is the point where one can improve oneself and one's work,—and as I believe that a man with splendid capacities is under an obligation to become something great, and that it may justly be called his own fault if he does not develop himself exactly in proportion to the means given him—I also believe it ought to be the same with a piece of music. Don't tell me, it is so, and therefore it must be so; I know perfectly well that no musician can make his thoughts or his talents otherwise than what Heaven has given them to him; but I also know that if Heaven has

given him good ones, he must also be able to develop them properly. And don't go and tell me that we are all mistaken, and that your treatment is always as good as your invention; I don't think it is. I do think that as far as regards your talents you are equal to any musician of the day, but I know hardly any piece of yours which is satisfactorily worked out. The two Overtures are certainly your best things, but the more clearly you express yourself, the more one feels what is wanting, and what in my opinion you ought to remedy.

"Don't ask me, how; for you know that best yourself; after all it is only the affair of a walk, or a moment—in short, of a thought. If you laugh at me for all this long story, you will perhaps be doing very right; but certainly not, if you are angry, or bear me a grudge for it,—it is foolish of me even to think of such a thing; but how many musicians are there who would put up with it from another? And as you must see from every word how I love and admire your talent, I may also say that you are not perfect—and that would offend most musicians. But not you, for you know how I take the matter to heart."

"As for that passage in Bach, I don't happen to have the score, and I should not be able to find it here at once, but I never considered it a misprint, though the edition generally swarms with them. Your version seems to me therefore incorrect. I should have thought the A flat quite necessary at 'Thou smotest them'—and peculiarly Bach-ish. Kind regards,

"Your F. M."

This letter, in which Mendelssohn lectures me so affectionately, appears in the second volume of his published letters, but I felt that I could not omit it here; and I must add a few words, with regard to "the matter about which we had had such endless discussions," as Felix says,—a matter in which to this day I believe myself to be right, though I do not therefore by any means wish to set myself up against his criticism of my compositions at that time.

That a composer must be *born*—that unless there is a natural power working in him with all the force of instinct, he will produce nothing of paramount greatness—there can be as little doubt as that he must learn and study all that

is to be learned, as much and more than he would do for mere technical purposes. But the question now arises, Where does the inborn power end, and the power of workmanship begin? According to Mendelssohn's opinion, as expressed above, all that comes within the range of invention of melody belongs to the first power, and the development to the second, in which the strong will, coupled with the presupposed amount of ability and dexterity, deals like a master with the material in hand. This view of his, no doubt shared by many, arose from the twofold source of his harmonious nature and his perfectly matured artistic education. The general spontaneity of melodious thought cannot be denied; and though with the acceptance or rejection of the *first inspiration* criticism already comes into play, the choice in that case is not so *infinite* as it becomes in the *working out* of the leading ideas—and choice is always distracting. But in spite of this, it seems to me a mistake to consider the final development as less dependent on original genius than the first discovery; for if this development rests only on what has been learned and studied—if the qualities of poetical creation do not come into play in the same degree in both cases—if it is not fresh, living, and original, it cannot make any impression; the cleverness and learning of a musician will always meet with due recognition, but will not make him pass for an inspired composer. One might even assert, that in the union of musical thought and speculation with the vivid power of the imagination, a still higher degree of productive genius is called out than in the formation of the simple melodious idea; if indeed this latter, as soon as it passes beyond the most elementary forms, does not at once need the strongest chisel and the finest file. I find the proofs of this opinion in the masterpieces which adorn our art. In the best works of the five great masters, Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, it is impossible to point out any separation between in-

vention and treatment; as soon as such a separation becomes possible, they no longer stand at their greatest height. In fact, there are not a few cases where just the whole force of their genius shows itself in works which have developed from comparatively unimportant germs; as, on the other hand, with inferior composers, the weakness of the working out and the poverty of invention are much on the same level. If there are some composers of great genius, in whose works "form" (a word often used and generally mis-used) goes for less than the material which has been given to them, this is a want which certainly lies more in their natural gifts than in their education. For assuredly we are attributing far too much to artistic education and development if we can see nothing in natural gifts, so far as they hold any high position, beyond the mere power of inventing melodies. Amongst the countless gifts with which Nature must endow the man whom she designs for a great composer, one of the most essential is a firm will to absorb himself in his own ideas. It may sound hopeless to say that this also, in art, is inborn; it is still more hopeless to see many possessing it without the material on which they might worthily employ it.

Mendelssohn, who was endowed with *all* these gifts, only in less measure than the *very* greatest of his predecessors, possessed also in a very prominent degree that indefatigableness which made him devote the minutest care, as well as the whole force of his energy, to attaining his ideal. He could not conceive that anything else was possible. And yet after all, towards the close of the letter just quoted, he himself admits, that the best must always be the half-unconscious; for what else—to use his own words—can be said to be "the matter of a walk, or a moment—in short, of a thought?"

I need hardly add, that I have no wish to deny the necessity of the most uninterrupted, strenuous, and painstaking work.

(To be continued.)

SPANISH LIFE AND CHARACTER IN THE INTERIOR, DURING THE SUMMER OF 1873.

LETTER XI.

THE DECAY OF FAITH IN SPAIN.

"My religion has broken down." Such was the hopeless sentiment,—a sentiment rendered doubly mournful by the simplicity of the language, and the position of the speaker,—expressed to me a few nights since by a poor Spanish boatman. It was uttered in answer to my question why he was absent from his cathedral, the bells of which had just been clanging for evening service.

"My religion has broken down!"

The train of thought which these bitter words led to, urged me to throw together into a connected form the many observations I had already jotted down, as to the state of religious feeling in Spain; and I could not help reflecting, as I turned over page after page of my journal, and came upon the entries relating to this especial subject, with how much truth might both the educated and uneducated Spaniard of to-day say, with the poor boatman, "My religion has broken down."

This self-imposed task is a dispiriting one. For I cannot, to be candid, write of the vitality and living work of the Church in my present country, but rather of its lifelessness and stagnation: not of the growth and progress of faith, but, alas! of its rapid and visible decay.

The Church of Spain—of Spain in 1873 (I write of what I have seen in the South and in the interior of Spain; in the North, I am told, ecclesiastical affairs wear a wholly different aspect), is an institution which has lost its hold on the masses, both educated and uneducated; they do not look to its shelter for the offering of prayers, nor to its pulpit for instruction, nor to its minister for support and comfort. In literature, in intercourse with strangers, in thought and education, all around has

moved: the Church moves not; she is left behind in the onward march: too proud to ask, to follow, or to learn, she stands alone; too proud to acknowledge, or too much wrapped in sublime slumber and dreams of her past glory, to recognize for a moment the fact that she is alone.

She writes her commands still, but none are found to obey them: she proffers her advice, but her sons turn away unheeding. "We have heart and mind like you," they say; "we can think and act for ourselves. Away!" The picture that rises upon one's mind when one sees the decrees of Mother Church alighted, ridiculed, or ignored, by her sons (though *not* by her pious daughters) is that of some aged officer, long ago suspended for his age—to whom the rules and implements of modern strategy are wholly new and strange—suddenly aspiring to command on the field of modern warfare; he raises his hand with all his pristine dignity; he gives the word with all the decision of one accustomed to command. Too full of respect for his grey hairs, and his pristine courage, and his rank, those around him do not ridicule him, or tell him he is mistaken; they simply salute him courteously, and pass on ignoring his commands.

The decay of religious faith in Spain divides itself into three distinct heads. The first subject of inquiry will naturally be, What is the precise state of religious feeling existing at the present moment? The second will be, To what causes is the present state of things due? And lastly, Whither is it tending; what will be the result in the future of the religious position of the present?

To answer these questions fairly, fully, and without exaggeration, will be the object of this paper: what the writer will say will certainly be suggestive; it

may, he trusts, be productive in England of much good. Anyhow, it cannot fail to be full of the deepest interest.

I. What is the precise state of religious feeling in Spain at the present day? Some few years ago it was the writer's privilege, when in London, to attend one or two of a set of lectures, very original and suggestive, given by the great Indian reformer, Cheshub Chunder Sen, lectures which ultimately fell into the writer's hand. Mr. Sen was, as the writer understood him, one who had advanced far beyond the creed of his countrymen—(Brahmees, if my remembrance serves me rightly, was the name by which he designated them)—one who, having become dissatisfied with the superstitions of the Brahmins, had gone hither and thither seeking for a creed. His words were very striking, full as they were of those Scriptures of which, as the writer believes, he had grasped a part—and but a part. "I," he said, in perfectly good English, "I was for many years a man without a creed; I and hundreds of my fellow-Brahmees could not accept or hold to our own religion, and I made trial first of other religious systems in India; but, thirsty as I was, I found none to give me drink; I was hungry, and they gave me no food. At last I read for myself, and I read carefully, the New Testament which you English deify. I re-read it with prayer: I read it, before I embraced its teaching, on my knees. I rose up a different man. I believed in the One God, the true Father of all who trust in Him; One who requires no sacrifice, nothing but the love of a true heart and sincerity."

"I do not," he went on, "with yourselves, call my Saviour God, because He says, '*I am the way*'—the way, not the goal: thither I cannot follow you; but I look up to Him as the only perfect Son of God.

"Long time had I gone about, seeking rest, and finding none; at last I had found rest to my soul—rest for which I thank my God daily."

The words were evidently the utterance of a true, loyal, and religious soul

and of an inquiring and lofty mind: as I understood them, the speaker's position was that of the Unitarian Church: he believed in one God, and in one perfect Son of God, sent by Him to be men's guide and pattern, and there he stopped. Whether or no he went further, with Arianism, I cannot fairly remember. But it struck me at the time, that for a soul so devout and earnest the whole truth would be revealed: the whole evangelical faith, in all its fulness and blessedness, would be, I felt sure, finally grasped by his heart and soul.

The lecturer then went on to say that he and several hundreds of his fellow-countrymen, chiefly Indian barristers, and men of the other learned professions, had formed a sort of religious confraternity, or club, on the religious foundation he had explained, called the Brahmo-Somaj, and that their tenets were fast gaining ground among the educated Brahmins; ~~that~~ they were gathering daily disciples "from the thousands" (I quote his own words) "who are now in India going about, *having cast off their old faith, seeking for some faith on which to stay their soul.*"

The parallel between the religious state of the "thousands" here referred to and the "thousands" of Spain, among educated men, the writer conceives to be a very close one. Not for one moment does he intend to imply that the branch of the Catholic Church established in Spain—a Church which has given to its sons and daughters a duly-ordained ministry, and Christian rites, and religious instruction, and in whose sublime churches the thousands of its faithful have made their hearts' desire known to their God, aye, and still make it known—is not one in which men may find all things necessary to salvation; but, he says, and means, because the fact is one patent to him, and freely conversed of in street, drawing-room, plaza, and casino, by Spanish gentlemen, and others of the lower class (who are not too indifferent—alas! with most of these the thoughts soar not above the search for

daily bread)—and it is simply this: that the case of the educated Spanish gentlemen, and especially of professional men, tradesmen, and literary men and artisans—the state of all, in a word, who travel, think, or read—is exactly analogous to the state of his fellow-countrymen described by Cheshub Chun-dor Sen.

Like them, they have unobtrusively but certainly cast aside the faith in which they were brought up, and, having nothing sure, nothing established, nothing of a church, a public service, and the sympathy needed by mankind in its religious aspirations, which a church and assemblies foster—to which to cling, and on which to anchor their souls—they are simply going about, seeking someone to lead them by the hand, someone whose talents and character give him a claim to be trusted, to guide and direct their minds and souls; someone to help them to rise—as they do wish, and long, and pray to rise—above the dead level of indifferentism, and the weary, meaningless round of daily life: daily work, or daily idleness; casino, politics, and cigarillo.

What, then, are the signs by which this state of religious feeling is betokened, and on what grounds is it justifiable to present so melancholy a view of religion?

I answer, one must be guided by four different signs of the times in forming an estimate: the tone of conversation in social circles; the statistics of church-going; the observation of various small facts in connection with this great subject, all of which are small, it is true, but, like the eddying straw of our trite English proverb, “serve to show the course of the stream;” and lastly, books and literature.

(a) The decay of religious faith is shown by conversation in the social circles of Spain, especially among the more ardent of the Republicans.

There are three different names by which Republican Spain of the present day, in the districts from which this article is dated, calls her sons, namely: *Ateos*; *Indiferentes*; and *libres pensa-*

dores: that is, Atheists; those indifferent to religion at all, or undecided; and free-thinkers.

These are terms of daily use among us. A man, however, would never say of himself, “I am an *Ateo*,” although he *might* (and very frequently *does*) apply that “word without hope” to his friend’s state of mind. The “*El Credo*” of the *Ateo* is something of this nature—a *credo*, if it can be called a *credo* at all, which has come into this country with freedom of French literature. A man reads little, prays little, thinks a good deal, and observes a good deal. He comes to the conclusion that *to sin* is according to nature (*muy natural*), and therefore, that He who has proclaimed that to sin is worthy of blame, and shall be punished, cannot be the Author of Nature; for he reasons: “Why did God make it natural to me to sin, and yet say, ‘I will punish you if you sin’?” He goes further. He says: “I see Nature; I feel her power; I know in many things she is right. I do not see God; I do not feel His power. I see the poor oppressed; I see sin triumphant: I see the Church proclaim things in His name, as celibacy, clearly against Nature. Nature exists, as I can prove: I cannot prove that God exists: therefore, I believe that Nature is God; for Nature is stronger than anything.” Such is the *Credo*, such the profession of hundreds of men of this belief, if it can be called a belief. They are sometimes known by the name of *Materialistas*, although this term implies something still more faithless. For instance, a *Materialista* would say, if his fellow-creature showed any deep penitence, any deep religious melancholy, “Oh! it is the work of Nature; bodily illness is diseasing his mind.” Some of the coarser forms would go even further; but of these it is not needful to speak.

The position of the *Indiferente* is less defined, and more common. It is a state of heart and mind, this indifferentism, which, from many different causes, does not care at all for religion, or feel its power; and yet would, and does, saunter into church on the proper days,

and listen to the music, and to the sermon, if at all a striking one. Here is one reason, which incidentally I may be pardoned for introducing, why the clergy of Spain have so completely lost their hold on the minds of *men*: their sermons never strike home, never fairly meet a doubt, seldom inculcate the moral teaching of Christ. An Indiferente often becomes indifferent from long continuance in sin, or prayerlessness; still more often, from utter indecision of character. He is a man who reads, cursorily, the religious literature of France, of what is here designated the French Liberal School. He commences with a book read by all the educated Spaniards—"Vie de Jésus, par Ernst Renan," or "Les Apôtres," by the same author. Doubts are instilled into his mind—a mind in all probability of very barren soil before; the weeds grow up and flourish. He has no one to advise him; he does not go deeply into the subject; he is too careless and too pusillanimous, and has too much love for his wife's feelings and respect for his Church, to throw off the mask and openly say, "I do not hold the old *El Credo*;" so he goes on, and is called, and truly, one of the Indiferentes. Thousands are in this state of mind; like the disciples of the Brahmo-Somaj, they are going about, seeking rest, and finding none.

The third class of unorthodox Spaniard is perhaps the most common—the man who does not hesitate to call himself one of *los libres pensadores*, "the free-thinkers." This term, in England, is usually applied to one who has cast off much, or all, of his faith in God. Here, however, the term has no such meaning. It simply means, one who chooses to think for himself, and embrace that creed which he believes best for his temporal and eternal welfare. Thousands of the educated sons of Republican Spain would think it no discredit to themselves or others to say, "I am a free-thinker," or, "He belongs to the free-thinkers," because the term, in Spain, conveys no idea at all of disbelief in a personal God and Father of us all: it simply denotes, what is called

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in England, Broad Churchism. And men say, truly enough, there is more religion where there is life, thought, inquiry, restlessness, than in the torpor of indifferentism, or the dead slumber of one who is too careless about religion to take any pains about it, and therefore gives a careless acquiescence to statements and doctrines about the truth of which he has taken no pains to inquire—the "belief" of one who has never *disbelieved*, simply because he has never really believed at all. This class of "*libres pensadores*" is composed chiefly of educated *Republicans*. This freedom of religious thought, which came in with the Republic—a sort of fierce reaction after the tight curb of Roman Catholicism in the Queen's time—is the *typo*, or type, of the modern statesman, orator, literary man of Spain. Although none of the three classes here alluded to are, strictly speaking, confined to the Republican ranks, yet they chiefly exist among the Republicans.

Having sought, with all candour, to explain the religious status of the three great bodies of educated Spaniards known in social circles as Atheists, Indifferents, and Free-thinkers, the writer of this review of Spanish religious feeling continues his description of the first and most superficial of those signs of the times by which the state of that religious feeling may fairly be appreciated:—*Conversation in the educated circles of Spain.*

And here, for a moment, I would pause. Those in England into whose hands these pages may fall, will naturally complain, and with some apparent truth, "The writer of this article keeps on speaking about educated men, and Republicans: do not the masses of the poor enter into his account?" The question is a fair one, and shall be fairly answered. The answer is this. The population of Spain, by our last Government returns, was sixteen millions; and, by the same documents, twelve millions were returned as "unable either to read or to write." Surely one can only speak, when one speaks of the

state of feeling in a nation on religious or political matters, of the opinions of those who can read or write at least a little. Were I to write of the state of religious feeling among the *uneducated*, in the town of the interior, in the fishing village of the coast, in the vineyard or the olive-press, I should merely sum it up in three words: superstition, carelessness, blind discontent. Before the end of this series, a few words shall be devoted to the uneducated masses; but, be it remembered, wherever there is an absence of education, there is present blind and palpable imitation of others; and the poor, rude, suffering fisherman or goat-herd has often said to me, when asked as to his religion, "I am an Evangelico;" and when pressed to explain, he would say merely the name of some Protestant church, or some popular leader of thought in his country, and add, with true Spanish pride, "He and I have common ground!"

Recurring to my subject—the state of religious feeling as indicated by the conversation current in social circles—let me say, that never have I heard, and never again would I wish to hear, such utterances of utter unrest, utter—I was going to say despair—as I daily and hourly hear now around me.

This state of unrest and disquietude, and fruitless quest of the good and the stable, perplexes and dismays the heart, and paralyzes the thought. One is fain to ask again and again the old question, "Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night?" And again and again the self-same answer is given back, "Dark and stormy. Dark and stormy." And truly our night is dark and stormy. Well do I remember, in the days of youth, passing down one of the back streets of London's lowest quarters, and speaking to a poor old withered-up crone who sat on her lowly doorstep: before her, overshadowing her little home, were a Wesleyan chapel, a Mission chapel of the Established Church, and a Roman Catholic church. "To which of all those, mother," said I, "do you go to worship?" And the answer came back, quietly but firmly,

from her trembling lips, "*I looks only to One above.*" And one cannot help feeling that only, and entirely, the help in which that poor woman trusted, *can save and redeem Spain of to-day.*

The attitude of the thinking mass of Spaniards reminds one daily of the question asked in Holy Story, "Lord, to whom shall we go?" but one listens in vain for the answer from the self-same lips, "Thou (and only Thou) hast the words of eternal life."

If you shall be conversing with a Spanish gentleman of Republican views, on the subject of religion, his words will be very few; but they will be *very* sad. The following conversation occurred a short time since between the writer of this review and a literary man in Spain, of real culture and refinement. He himself introduced the subject on which I write by saying to me, "I believe you are a Protestant?" After answering his question, I merely said, "You have now the advantage of me: are you not yourself a Roman Catholic?" "Yes," was the reply; "yes. I am a Roman Catholic—that is to say, I have not renounced that *credo*; it is more convenient not to have an open rupture. But," said he, "I believe really in nothing of the ceremonies or rites of my Church; I pray to God at home; I believe in Him, and in Jesus Christ. I consider myself exactly at the standpoint of your English Church. I despise the music, the processions, and the unintelligible tongue of my Church's services; I hate to see money given for such things; but I do feel the need of public worship without all this. Four bare walls, and a pure heart, are all that is needed to serve and love God." He added a few words to this effect: that no appeal to the senses should ever be made in a church—nothing touched, save a man's heart.

I did not press the subject further, for both his heart and my own were too full. Yet once again let me recur to a few words said to me by a Spanish student—words which, spoken but a few weeks since, have never left my memory. We were supping together, merely

discussing the subject of art in this country; and, as conversations (even in Spain!) will fall into the religious groove, at last we spoke of religion. He was a Roman Catholic, but, as he himself allowed, "Indiferente." He was speaking of public prayer, and I merely remarked that, as he never went to public prayer, I supposed he found an equal solace in private prayer. I then spoke of sermons, and added, "Do you find no help in the sermons of your clergy?"

This then was, word for word, to the best of the writer's recollection, the language of his reply:—"The English pray; they try to act up to their religion, because they can believe it: we cannot, with modern literature at hand, swallow our religion at a gulp. You must give up one of the two. I hold to neither. As to us, as a rule, we do not pray to God. You ask about sermons: well, I went into a church, the other day, to listen to one who was said to be a good preacher. He did, truly, preach magnificently; I never saw a man with such a flow of language; he was an orator! But"—(*pero*, the constant Spanish antithesis)—"with all his flow of language, I only remembered two things, as I left the church: he compared the exceeding purity of the Virgin to a cup of silver and a tower of ivory; and there was no room at all for God or Jesus Christ. These clergy, who aspire to guide us to peace here, and in the next (*if there be a next*) world," continued he, "never preach about the only two things worth preaching about, *Virtue and the Almighty*."

As usual, then, with the education of his order, this young fellow simply believed in and longed for tidings of the Christian moral code, and the Fatherhood of God. For *that* his soul thirsted; for *that* he went to church; he was a hungerer and thirster, I truly believe, after righteousness: a few simple words would have gone straight to his heart; for those few simple words he looked and waited, and for them, alas! he looked and waited in vain.

Another leading topic of conversation

is (as I have already mentioned) the deification of Nature. In high Republican circles in Spain it is constantly said, "We make war against all that is against Nature. It must be wrong."

I once asked of a Republican orator, "How can you justify your fellows' act in turning the nuns out of their convent?"

"We would turn out the priests too, if we could; because we want all men not to be unnatural. Celibacy is unnatural."

"But is not *expulsion* a rough way of inculcating a moral lesson?"

"*Muy bien*," was his answer, "but we must use rough measures sometimes."

The ignorance of their clergy, again, is a constant theme of conversation among the Spanish Republicans. They will have it—I know not with what truth—that the priests know little besides the Lives of the Saints and Latin books. As to geography, say they, or modern history, they know nothing; and modern literature they never read!

Many thoughts here force themselves upon me. Among others, fain am I to confess that some slight tribute is due to the worth of the priests. Where they *could* give to the poor, the writer of this review believes, they freely gave of what they had. But now, they are poor indeed, and rejected of men. Still their influence is great, and this for two reasons. *First*, because their hold on the women of a family is still great: the devout and simple-minded women of the family still give to their church and priest—still are regular at confession, prayers, and Mass.

The *second* reason of their influence is this: that so many of the clergy come from influential families, are, in fact, *bene nati*. In Galicia, and the North of Spain, the poor, and very oftentimes the uneducated, become clergymen. But in the interior, and in the South, as regards the town clergy, most, or at least many of them, are well-born; and many a family puts its dullest member into the Church, as the *dernier ressort*, that he may have a certain position and status in society. In

the towns, however, the clergy are generally selected for the merits of their education and for their talents.

Gladly do I turn from this first part of the signs of the times, merely adding a trifling anecdote which I heard some few months since in the best-educated city in Spain—the only city where one-half of the population can read or write. A Spanish woman went into church a few minutes before service, to inquire who would be the evening preacher.

"*El chantre*," was the answer. This would be equivalent in English, I suppose, to the precentor.

"*Que' lo oiga su abuela*" ("Let his grandmother hear it") was the answer, as the woman swept out of the church.

To a candid mind this little anecdote (a "good story") shows, surely, an irreverence for the Church which dismays one, on the one hand, but, at the same time, a real seeking and longing for that which, for so many hundred years, we have called, with truth, the good news of God.

How bitterly upon English ears would have fallen the words with which, a short time since, the streets of my town were ringing—"Our Castelar is the Saviour, the Christ of 1873!" One can only say, as one hears such words, that one's best hope is that He whom they crucify may pray—as we doubt not He does pray for them—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they say." Alas! Castelar's reign over these people's hearts is short indeed; already are vague rumours of his unpopularity, and of "*Pi y Margall* and the Cantonal system," floating about among us, though perhaps Spain has known no more liberal, religious, or noble leader than Emilio Castelar!

(b). Among those signs by which the state of religious feeling may be known, I mentioned, in the second place, the statistics of church-going.

Very few men, as a rule, attend church. The old anecdote of Sydney Smith is constantly recalled to one's memory. He preached, we have heard, upon the text "O that men would therefore praise the Lord for His goodness,"

when, Sunday after Sunday, his quiet village church was denuded of *men*. And in Spain the emphasis might well, and with reason, be laid upon the same word—"O that *men* would praise the Lord!"

What is seen in the churches of Spain—and I have gone to her country parish churches and to her large cathedrals—is this: the bright array of lights, the gaudy dresses of the saints, the black, white, and embroidered vestments of the priests, as in solemn silence they come forth to kneel and pray before the altar of our common God and Father. What is *not* seen is the bronzed face of the vine-dresser, the worn visage of the artisan, the pale face of the *littérateur*; the sailor, the soldier, the bookseller, the tailor. Where are they? They are not here!

What is heard in our Spanish churches is, the unintelligible prayers of the priests; the ringing, joyous, inspiriting clash of the music, oftentimes supplemented with the sweet carol of birds; the deep bass of the head singer. What is *not* heard is, the answer of *men's* voices; what is not heard is, the deep "Amen" to every prayer. "*No hay*." It is not here! There is no response from the men! They are away—at the *Muséo*, at "*La Libreria*," at the Casino—but here, "*no hay*."

In Spanish churches you simply see and hear women—for the most part well-bred women—kneeling devoutly upon the rush-matting of the church, and praying to their God: I *must* say praying, to all appearances, most fervently, most earnestly. I have seen nothing in Spain of that looking round and back, so common with ladies in England, to scan every person who comes into the church.

It is said, in England, that one out of every six of our *male* population goes to a place of worship. Here we have no places of worship save those of the Established Church, and I fear that not one in every twenty-five enters these to pray!

I mentioned as the two last signs of the decay of religious faith, the trans-

actions, however small, which have lately taken place; and the bookstalls of Republican Spain.

Let me touch upon these briefly, and then enter upon the *causes* of this revolt against religion, and the speculation, Whither does it tend?

(c). If it has more than once been asserted, in the course of this review of the state of religious feeling in Spain, that the small occurrences of daily life, and the acts of the revolutionary party in the summer of 1873, have shown and are daily bearing witness to the decay of religious faith in Spain, these assertions, it shall now be demonstrated, are not made without sufficient grounds.

Enter many of the Government ("del Rey") hospitals in Spain, and ask whether there is any religious service, any ministrations of clergy, in those towns where there has been a revolution—that is, where popular feeling obtained for a while the mastery—and you will find that they no longer exist. They were dismissed during the summer revolution, and the chapel of the hospital is closed; the priest—an institution as old as the hospital walls—no longer lives within them, or attends to the sick and dying among its inmates.

Among the Foundling Hospitals, the Christian rite of baptism is in many cases no longer administered; in smaller hospitals, or homes, you will find, on inquiry, "We had a chapel, but have none now; the clergy lived here, but now only the doctors are allowed to reside on the premises." Go to many of the churches of Spain, whose walls, once richly gilt with the paintings of her great sons, attracted many a strange traveller's footsteps, and mark if in many of these cases they are not taken away. In some cases they were carried to a place of safety until this tyranny be overpassed; in a still greater number they were rudely torn down (I have seen some literally *torn* in the operation) and carried off to the Public Library or the *Museo*, and thither you must follow if you would behold them.

Sundays are fearfully desecrated. If it be true, as has often been asserted,

that where, during the great French Revolution, Sundays were abolished, and every day of the seven was a working day—if it be true that the abolishing of the prescribed day of rest, and the incessant strain of work caused by it, led to disease of mind, and in many cases lunacy, one can but tremble for this country, for it seems that Sunday is often wholly, and the Feast days partially ignored.

Again, the aspect of the Church herself is wholly stagnant. With her 42,000 clergy, whose charge are fearfully demoralized, and, in the interior, utterly ignorant, men who are joyless, religionless, mindless, one looks in vain for tidings of the newly-endowed home, the fresh school walls, the congress, or the midnight mission. These are not. The faded dresses, and in many cases the worn and sad countenances of the clergy, too, all point, not to life, but to a slow decay.

In the interior, the frequent interments without religious rites, the secular and profane so-called baptisms, known as the "Civil Funeral" and the "Civil Baptism"; the sight of the priests, oftentimes forced, because their pecuniary support has been taken away, or at least is no longer paid at present by the Government of their country; the indecent behaviour of men, very often, who keep their hats on as the procession of the Host files by,—these, and such as these, are the signs of a deep-seated hatred to the religion of their forefathers, and of the reaction which has set in with the Republic against the Church established in this land.

Petty in some cases have been the means by which men of very ultra opinions have shown their contempt for the "Credo" in which they have been brought up. To change the name of a street because it bore a Saint's name; to mutilate a pillar because the figure of a Saint was sculptured upon it,—these were unworthy of Republican Spain, and were and would ever be repudiated by all her right-minded sons. But such things were.

(d). And if the general tone of conversation in educated Republican circles; if the statistics of church-going; if the daily events—trifling perhaps in themselves, but not trifling when viewed in connection with other things—all bespeak and bear witness to a growing dissatisfaction with their established religion, restlessness, and reaction; no less do the gaudy bookstalls of the cities of Spain show the same tendency to revolution.

For a few reals (a real = $2\frac{1}{2}d.$) the mind may have its glut of materialism and blank unbelief. Every school of thought here known as liberal ("liberal" meaning any work on religion which is not distinctively Roman Catholic) is represented on these shelves. To enumerate these cheap works would be a long and fruitless task; it would simply be to recapitulate the titles of the works of all the modern writers, French, German, English, and Spanish, of the various schools of free thought, beginning, as I have said, with the works of E. Renan, which are *very* popular here, in Spanish translations, and ending with the countless little works of the modern Spanish thinkers—oftentimes mere imitations of the French authors and schools—bearing such high-sounding titles as "The New Religion for the People," or "The Teaching of Natural Religion!"

II. The writer thinks that enough has been already quoted on the *first* subject proposed for consideration, and passes on to consider very briefly the two other subjects, or lines of thought, proposed at the commencement, in connection with the great subject of which he has merely endeavoured to present the picture as exhibited to the outsider.

He passes on therefore to ask, *To what causes is the present state of religious feeling due?*

The present state of religious feeling in Spain then is, he believes, simply a natural reaction from the excessively tight reins with which her sons were held during the reign of the late Queen, and, of course, long before the accession

of that sovereign. We all know that the starting back of the bow is fierce, sudden, and often self-destructive, when the string is suddenly relaxed; and that in proportion as had been the tightness of the restraint, so will be the fierceness of the recoil. And so, now that men are suddenly freed, by enactments of the Republic, from the necessity of subscribing to the doctrines of the Established Church; now that liberty has been proclaimed after so many years of slavery, it is not at all, the writer thinks, matter for wonder, that their liberty should for a while be utter *license* (as it certainly is). The wonder would be if such were *not* the case.

And, *secondly*, the reaction of feeling against the Established Church—for we must still call it so—is due in great measure to the abuses and superstitions which have existed in that Church. When reasonable men are compelled to belong to a society whose members in authority proclaim as truths doctrines which they cannot accept in any sense as true; when they are compelled to acquiesce in what they believe to be gross superstitions, they *will*, and in patient, indifferent Spain they *have* for a while given a silent acquiescence; but now, men travel, men read; education, though very slowly, *is* spreading even here; floods of books come in from France, Germany, and England; all are now free to buy and read them; and men see that they have *been blinded*; that the whole truth has not been proclaimed to them; and they will not, in so vital a matter as religion, any longer be trifled with. With one voice, from the educated artisan to the Chief of her Republic, the educated sons of Spain say, "We will be free; we will serve God as our hearts tell us, and not submit the reason He has given us to the thralldom of Church decrees."

And, *thirdly*, the want of freedom and of a liberal and general education of the clergy of this land has been one fruitful cause of discontent. Many are men of education and culture, but not by any means all; and, as a rule,

they are too much bound down by subscription to *this* article, and *that* decree, to have any original thought or research for themselves; they do not meet the doubts and acknowledge the tendencies of the age in which it has pleased God to cast their lot, and so they cannot guide, shape, and direct into its proper channel modern thought.

And, *fourthly*, the Church of this nation has fallen in the esteem of her children because she has not, as other Churches have, sought to *educate* the masses committed to her care; she has given them no fresh light of knowledge, and they cannot understand her services, these poor, uneducated masses; and so, receiving little, they—the most uneducated—though still afraid of, and full of awe for her power, do not *love* her in their heart of hearts, and, not loving, they cannot believe in her beauty or her wisdom.

And, *lastly*, the revolt against the religion of their land by her sons may be assigned to this fact: that nothing which is not based upon perfect truth can ever ultimately prosper. With all that is good in her, no thoughtful man can fail to see how much is withheld of Divine truth, how much is supplied of human invention to the doctrine and discipline of the Roman Church. No warping of the truth, no withholding of the whole message of God can prosper. Such is one moral of the decay of religious faith among the thousands of my country this day!

III. But it is time to draw to a close a paper which has cost the writer many months of research and observation, but in the compilation of which he has never left his daily path of duty to seek his materials. He has merely thrown together, into perhaps a somewhat crude, but, he trusts, intelligible form, the result of a long sojourn in the country from which he writes, and from whose sons, of every shade of religious opinion, he has received unmingled kindness. Our third line of thought was this: To what is all this unsettlement of religious belief tending?

The writer answers: *To good*. To the establishment of a purer, truer, more lightful religion in this land; a religion more Scriptural, more what the Spanish people call "*Evangélico*," i.e. Christian, in the broadest, deepest, widest acceptance of the word. Things, *as they are, cannot long remain*. Either the tight, fierce rein must be again had recourse to—(that, the writer believes, never will, or can be)—or, as most educated men think and say, a wave of truer, simpler, broader religion, of which this surf is but the prelude, will sweep over and cleanse this land. As in nature, so in things divine, things religious: when the storm is fiercest, it must soon be over; when the night is darkest, dawn is ever nearest. Man's extremity is ever God's greatest opportunity. How often in the history of individuals and of nations has the truth of these trite sayings been realized!—the Renaissance in France, the Reformation in England,—how were these heralded in? And may the religious dawn of suffering, restless, aspiring Spain, be the dawn of that true religion and useful learning which kindles more and more into the perfect, peaceful, shining day.

A short comparison between the state of the Church of this land, and that of her Sister Church of England, shall, in conclusion, be offered.

The Churches of England and of Spain are, if the writer's recollection of the former serves him in good stead, both of them to be considered as sick men, and to be judged of accordingly. But there is a difference in sickness, and in the signs of it: a difference which, by practised eyes, is well understood.

In the sickness of the Church of England I see all the signs of a sick man, fretful, and anxious, and dissatisfied, and restless, it is true—but, still, of a sick man waking up to life again from the long slumber that had promised, at one time, to end in nothing but death. In the Church of England I see life: life in her many Missions; *life* in her schools and churches, rising up in every desolate hamlet and every

over-populated outskirt of her large towns; life in her overflowing Congresses; life in the keen interest with which all her proceedings are canvassed and criticised by the public press; life in the existence of unorthodox ministers within her fold; life in her many religious dissensions: and, where life is, there is hope.

In her Sister Church of Spain I see no signs of life. Her clergy preach, one and all, as they preached one hundred years ago. Her chief prayers are still offered in a tongue "not understood" of her sons and daughters—the self-same lack of independence and of originality of thought is, as of old, imposed upon her ministers. Her services are magnificent, many of her churches and cathedrals sublime; but it is the sublimity of a grand architecture, it is the attraction of a gorgeous and sensual ritual; there is spirited music, and flashing lights, and a grand appeal to the senses. There are, it is true, none unorthodox among her ministers; but it is all too possible, as the experience of past ages has taught us, "*Solitudinem facere, pacem appellare.*"

As for the living souls outside her churches; as for those that hunger and thirst for Hope and Truth and Love and Faith, where are they? "*Aquí, no hay, señor. Aquí, no hay.*" ("Here they are not found—nay, not here.")

In conclusion, the writer would observe, it may be true that in the Church of England there is a vast deal of mental unrest, a certain amount of alienation of the masses from their Church's services; but, be it remembered, that in that country both clergy and statesmen and bishops are making gigantic efforts—by increased personal zeal, by increased manifestation of love for the masses, by the measures of educational improvement lately promulgated and acted upon; by the fixed determination of many of the most enlightened among the clergy not to tighten but to loosen the reins, not to make narrower but to make broader the terms of communion with their Church; by the increased

education of the clergy, and their better acquaintance with *modern* and ancient literature—by all these means, the writer says, the Anglican Communion is making visible and gigantic efforts to recover its lost ground—ground won from it during the repose of centuries.

And in speaking of the Church in England in comparison with that of Spain, ever must it be borne in mind that the majority of those who do not enter the doors of the church at least enter the doors of the chapel; and that those who are not within the fold of England's Established Church are, at any rate, able to find shelter within the fold of some one of the many of her Christian communities; whereas that in Spain the case is wholly different. Here, there is no communion, save with the ancient Church by Law Established. "Leave her," men say. "Yes! But what then?" It is the question of many an uneasy soul in these days, and in this country: "Lord, to whom shall I go?" Leave the Church's one fold, and you have left all: all the light, all the guide, and all the shelter, such as they are! Alone you pass out into the great darkness, yea, even into a darkness that may be felt; alone must you wander upon the mountains, seeking some track to guide your weary footsteps; alone must you lie down, as the shades of your last long night draw on—confused, bewildered, baffled, deserted, and in pain. It is so. He who leaves the "one fold" in Spain has "*no place to flee unto, and no man cares for his soul.*" In his reading, in his thought, in his hope, in his prayer, in his belief, for him there is simple, sheer, utter loneliness: it is "*chacun pour soi*" in everything. That the finale of that proverb may also be true of the sons of Republican Spain—who have no anchor, sure and steadfast, of their souls—is the earnest hope, desire, and expectation of the writer of this review; that if, at present, it must be—and it must—"chacun pour soi," it may also be "*et Dieu pour nous tous.*"

To be continued.

MY TIME, AND WHAT I'VE DONE WITH IT.

BY F. C. BURNAND.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

LETTER—REPLY—WHERE TO GO NEXT—
 ADVICE—UNCLE HERBERT DEPARTS—
 DANGEROUS CORRESPONDENCE—I KEEP
 A SECRET—MORE OF COWBRIDGE—
 CLUBS—SCIENCES—ARTS—THEATRICALS—
 MARMY DENNE—DR. FALKNER
 IN A RESPONSIBLE POSITION—LANGORAN
 AGAIN—BROAD'S—CALL ON THE
 VAN CLYMS—OF MRS. CAVANDER—
 ABOUT VERNEY—I BECOME MORE AND
 MORE UNSETTLED—I START NORTH-
 WARDS—I MEET THE BIFFORDS—I LOSE
 MY ROAD—I COME UPON CLARA AND
 HER GRANDFATHER—WELCOME—A
 DAMPER—MRS. WENSLOW—VISITORS
 EXPECTED—DANGERS—THE FOUNTAIN
 —THE GOLD FISH—I AM CARRIED OFF
 —A NEW FAVOURITE—I JOIN AUSTIN
 AND MAKE A DISCOVERY.

I COULD not honestly write my congratulations. Like the Amen in Macbeth's throat, the words would not come out.

"You must send something civil," said Uncle Herbert, who now very rarely called at Langoran House.

This I achieved, after having torn up several sheets of paper, and having, as it were, written all round the subject in order to avoid calling Lady Colvin either "mother" or "mamma," and at the same time so mentioning her as not to pain my father.

In reply to this, I received a letter intimating that if my vacation were commencing soon, it would be as well to defer my coming home until the house should be a little more in order; as the advent of so illustrious a visitor as The New Baby had, it would be understood, thrown the establishment rather out of gear, temporarily, of course; but for a few weeks or so it

would not be, I was given to understand, convenient to receive so gay and independent a young bachelor as myself as an inmate.

"Broad's?" I said to Uncle Herbert. He shook his head.

"Don't overdo it, Cecil. You're inclined to go fast without knowing it, and the sooner you pull up the better. You don't gamble, thank goodness; and a little harmless loo, such as I've seen here among the best set, won't hurt you, or them. But not a step beyond. And as I'm going away, and while we are on the subject, let me warn you against"—he hesitated, then continued—"You won't take it ill if I mention a man here who seems to be more a friend of yours than he is of anybody's——"

"Rowdie?" I asked, feeling pretty sure that my Uncle did *not* mean him.

"No, no, not Rowdie. He's fast and noisy, but he comes of a good stock, and, *au fond*, he's a gentleman. Besides, when *he* has seen more of the world, he will tone down. No, I mean Dr. Falkner. I know the man somehow," said my Uncle, meditatively; "and I've seen him somewhere, and however I know him, or wherever I've seen him, I'm certain of one thing, and that is that I would not trust that man with sixpence. Besides, he has no more right to be mixing with gentlemen; and specially with such open-hearted, open-handed boys as you all are here"—Uncle Herbert owned to having been treated *en prince*—"than has one of those cads who sell toy terriers and fancy French Lulu dogs in your streets."

"I know some fellows speak against him; and Rowdie was blackballed for the Minerva"—this was the aristocratic Club at Cowbridge—"in consequence of his keeping up his acquaintance with

him. But Rowdie says he won't give up a friend for a parcel of snobs, and I think he's right."

"You do *not* think he is right, Cecil," returned my Uncle. "You really admire Rowdie for what you call his pluck in sticking by his friend. And so should I if Dr. Falkner *were* a friend, but he's not; he's only an acquaintance, and a disreputable acquaintance too. He lives on you young fellows. Recollect he's twenty years older than any of you here."

"Well, well; I'm not going to lend him any money."

"I hope not. Though, by the way, if you did, I'm not sure if it wouldn't be the best way to get rid of him. He's a bad 'un, mind that; and before long he'll turn out to be all I've said, and more."

Privately, I was entirely of my Uncle's opinion. Publicly, I acted with Rowdie, and we, with a few others equally careless, were Falkner's supporters, though not, perhaps, altogether his admirers.

In truth I had forgotten him as Mr. Venn; but this conversation with Uncle Herbert recalled to my mind all that I had previously known of this mysterious personage; and I determined to take Rowdie into my confidence, as to the Doctor's antecedents, on the first opportunity.

It being the commencement of the London season, Uncle Herbert regretted that he should have to leave me in order to fulfil an engagement with some friends in town, in whose house he had the usual peg for his hat. He begged me earnestly not to omit calling on Mr. and Mrs. Bob, at their London house, and to provide myself with visiting cards.

Once only, just as I was seeing him off at the station, did Uncle Herbert allude to Clara Wenslow. He pretended to rally me on this subject. But I confess to not having felt exactly at ease at being reminded of this episode in my time at Hillborough.

She had written to me, once, on some pretext about some pictures of Cowbridge which I had promised her, but from the tone of her letter it was evi-

dently intended to bring to my mind the sentiments which I had professed to entertain for her at our last interview, and it startled me to find that I had gone further than I had thought, or that she, at all events, had understood me to be more in earnest than I had really been.

This letter I had answered by a promise to bring the drawings myself during the vacation, when I hoped to renew our, to *me*, (I said) most delightful acquaintance.

In the present unsettled state of affairs at home, I thought I could not do better than revisit that part of the country where I had found so many friends, and had spent such a pleasant time.

One letter more arrived from her thanking me for my answer, and informing me that in all probability she would, in July and August, be staying at her grandfather's, at Vale House, near Windermere, where she was sure her relatives would be only too delighted to make my acquaintance.

As Uncle Herbert had left before the arrival of this second epistle from Clara, I had no opportunity of informing him as to my progress in that quarter, and as I had not considered it necessary to say anything about the two previous letters when he had started the subject at the last moment at the railway station, Uncle Herbert went away satisfied that I was a wiser young man than he had given me credit for being, and pleased with himself for having given me such timely advice when we were last together in Devonshire.

I felt some compunction in having kept a secret of this nature from so kind and valuable a friend as was Uncle Herbert, but I consoled myself with the consideration, that, after all, it might, and probably would, come to nothing, and in the meantime it was no use bothering him about what was of so little consequence.

Term time came to an end with no further news from Austin, who had sent no reply to my answer to his letter. I concluded, therefore, that he was still travelling, and I now set myself, being

absolutely my own master, to map out some sort of a plan for a vacation tour.

One most important incident occurred before the end of this term.

Cowbridge, as every Cowbridgian reader knows, is a University of clubs.

Man is a gregarious animal, but the University man is perhaps the most fully developed species of the genus.

Whiggism and Toryism, of the most ancient kind, are represented by dining clubs, where youthful politicians emulate the example of their political ancestors by attempting to swallow, each one "to his own cheek," two or three bottles of such port wine as is easier imagined than described, in drinking loyal and patriotic toasts, after which they hoped to be able to speak; for had they not heard of such feats performed by the greatest orators of old, and had they not some vague ideas about Mr. Fox, Mr. Pitt, and Mr. Sheridan having achieved their successes in consequence, rather than in spite of, their magnificent potations? There were modern instances, but they were contented with those of a time when debates were fiery, when the old English gentleman could lick any seven Frenchmen, when the duello had not gone entirely out of fashion, and men had not yet learnt the habit of putting water in their wine.

Cowbridge had its rowing clubs innumerable, its public school clubs, its generally sociable clubs, its dining clubs, its debating clubs, its reading and writing rooms (also called a club), its aristocratic club, its sporting clubs, its swimming club, its cricket clubs, and I dare say many others of which I have never heard; for there were religious societies, chiefly professing Evangelicalism, which, while shrinking from the name, were practically clubs, with settled objects, meetings, and subscriptions. There was also a High Church club, a feeble and priggish affair, whose supporters were chiefly remarkable as being of an effeminate and diletante character. Of course the members did not style themselves a Club, nor would they adopt the Exeter "hall-mark," and form themselves into

a "Society," but they got hold of the mediaeval word "Guild," and this pleased them immensely.

But, certes, in my time, religious fervour was not the distinguishing characteristic of this University, as some years before, during the marvellous period of Catholic revivalism, had been the case with its sister Bulford.

Neither did the arts flourish at Cowbridge. Sciences had it almost entirely to themselves, though some of the most useful were not taught at all; and others coming under the same category were, so to speak, taught in holes and corners, to which access was difficult. Special instruction was kept a secret from the many, and as in no case was it prominently brought before the eyes of the ordinary careless undergraduate, who, like Gallio, only with far better excuse than had that eminent statesman, "cared for none of these things," so even those who would work, and wanted to work, had to hunt up their own professors, whose lectures were interesting to the specialist, but were useless for a degree, whether in classics or mathematics.

Music had its votaries, and was honoured by the University in its chief scientific exponent. There was also a musical society which gave concerts in the Town Hall, and was patronized by deans and dons, by masters of colleges and their wives, and by the first-class townfolk, with their wives and daughters, and by all that devoted band of ladies unattached, who, somehow or another, seem to hang about the township of a University, like October flies on a warm plate.

The Drama had been hitherto unrepresented at Cowbridge. Amateur theatricals had not been seen for years since "somebody," who had become quite a legendary person, had started a University Theatre, which had been very soon closed by order of the Proctors.

It was destined for Marmy Denne in our time to start the idea. He was of my standing, and remarkable at the University for belonging to no particular set, though welcomed as a genial companion by all. He was a sharp,

quick, odd, little man, with a round mobile face and rough hair, which, with a good voice, several songs, and a facility as a pianist, were his stock-in-trade for the amusement of his *convives*. He was one of the very few men who, uninvited, could drop in at a party and be welcomed. Rowdie and myself inclined towards him on account of his strong theatrical tastes, which, in my view, were ever associated with the earliest, and perhaps the happiest, portion of my life. The Hon. Malcolm, my co-lodger, liked Denne immensely, because of his eccentricity; for Rowdie took up with anyone who was outside the ordinary circle of University acquaintance, and it amused him to have in his rooms as heterogeneous a collection as he could get together, including a professor of the noble art of self-defence, another professor of the quarter-staff, a conjuror, a fiddler, Marmy Denne giving illustrations of popular actors to Doctor Falkner, who was smoking a pipe in a corner, while the action of the scene was accompanied on the piano, capitally played by a young undergraduate, who, having received the greater part of his education in Paris, was thoroughly acquainted with all the most sparkling and the latest airs popular in that gay capital.

Boxing, single-stick, fencing, fiddling, playing on the piano, singing, eating, drinking, talking, and games of cards, were, more often than not, all going on simultaneously in Rowdie's two rooms. The noise was rather too much for me, and Rowdie himself was gradually becoming too much for every respectable Tudor man. Thank goodness, he discovered one day that his soul could be no longer fettered by our restricted premises. He gave notice to quit, and changed his lodgings.

By this separation it came about that we met less frequently than heretofore, and my eccentric friend left the University long before my time there came to an end. Having said thus much of him, I may add that he has since entered the ministry of the Church of England, and has come out as a first-rate preacher—a

man in the front ranks of the Evangelicals; distinguished, however, from his brethren, by the liberality of his sentiments. Further, he is incumbent of a popular church, in a fashionable district, and, if he had but been a schoolmaster, there would be hardly any room to doubt that, sooner or later, he must be fitted into a Bishopric. In any case, he is the respected father of a family; he is the "Honourable and Reverend," is on the high road to preferment, and, as the celebrated epitaph has it, "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Marmy Denne had surrounded himself with undergraduates. Theatrically inclined, he had started a club, which came to be, both for its members within and their friends without, one of the most popular institutions founded by University men for intellectual and harmless recreation. It would take too long to dwell upon the history of this club, which, in its way, is as interesting, and far more amusing, than that of its ancient and honourable brother, the Junction Debating Society. The annals of the latter have often been referred to by compilers of statesmen's lives; the annals of the former have yet to be written. To this temptation, now, I will not yield. My only object in mentioning its existence in this place is, to tell just so much connected with this institution as affects my own private and personal narrative.

Mr. Venn—I mean Dr. Falkner—was admitted to this club as an honorary member, though his entrance at all was strongly opposed at first. Rowdie, Denne, and myself backed him, and our energy won the day. Nor was this all. Uncle Herbert's mistrust of Mr. Venn-Falkner chiefly arose from his having seen what an influence he had obtained over some men in this particular club. Mr. Venn's stories of Germany, German theatres, of London literary society, tickled us all immensely, and though Uncle Herbert, in whose presence Venn would not expose himself to the chance of a cross-examination, insisted that the man could never have been in any such good society as he re-

presented; yet Rowdie and Denne and many others made a clique to support their protégé, and when one after the other of the members declined the treasurership of the club, Rowdie actually went so far as to nominate my old usher as a fit and proper person for the office. This raised a storm; but we were all going away for our vacation: Venn-Falkner would be on the spot, able to look after our rooms and our interests generally; and as none of us were, after all, inclined to treat the affair as a serious matter of business, except one Irish member, who observed, "We ought to be mighty careful in our dealings with money matters," and who, having been secretary for one term, had run our ship into the very quicksands of debt; reasoning also that not to accede to Rowdie's proposition would be to imply a distrust of him and his friend, we finally handed over our cash-box to the honorary member, who was accredited with full powers, in the absence of the committee.

This was the last event of this term time, and then we separated.

At Langoran House I called.

Plemdale, the butler, was gravely pleased to see me, but the cheery welcome of old times was wanting.

"How is my father?" I asked.

"Sir John is not so well as we could wish," answered Plemdale. "Lady Colvin is doing well; and," added Plemdale, with a meaning smile, "so is the little baby."

"Not at home?" I asked, with as great a show of carelessness as I could affect.

"No, Mr. Cecil. At Dover. We don't expect 'em back for some weeks now."

It was absurd to ask whether I could stop at Langoran House,—in my own home. Plemdale had no orders on the subject; the room wasn't ready. There were, of course, plenty of rooms, and there was no difficulty; only, the servants were on board wages, and, in fact, Plemdale repeated, in a tone that implied his own personal dissatisfaction with the present state of affairs, "I

haven't had no orders on the subject, Mister Cecil."

I professed the most complete indifference, and took my luggage to Broad's.

"Horrid expensive!" said little Lord Pilchard, who was always in the coffee-room, looking out of window. Little Pilchard was enormously rich. The Earl of Dawlish, his father, having been a saving man, had also had the good fortune to marry an heiress of a noble Scotch family, daughter of the M'Kerrel of M'Kerrel. These facts I did not then know. Lord Pilchard was still, to me, only "little Pilchy" of Holyshade, with as much pocket-money as I had; that is, with as good a supply of counters to play for amusement as was in my possession.

"Is it horrid expensive?" I returned, with the most utter *insouciance*. "Is it? Ah! I haven't seen the bill."

Nor had Lord Pilchard.

I made a duty call on the Van Clyms, and saw my uncle for a few minutes. The girls and my Aunt were out shopping.

"Kee, kee, kee!" chuckled my worthy Uncle Van, jingling keys and small change in his pockets. "Your Aunt won't vizit at Langoran. Your couzans never go tere. Nor I. No, not to te countink-ouze in the city. Tat Cavanter he manishes everything now. Ton't like te looks of it. Zomething's wrong; kee, kee, kee!" And he shook his head, chuckled, snuffled, and laughed, as if he'd been describing a most humorous state of affairs.

"And Mrs. Cavanter?" I asked.

"Ah!" replied Uncle Clym, drawing a long breath, and opening his eyes so wide that I really began to think he would never be able to shut them again; "ah! you 'ave not hert!" He meant "heard."

"No, uncle."

"Not from Erbert?"

"No."

"Ah!" he repeated, as if my answers had unsettled him in his former purpose of recounting to me some tragic history which would be better kept secret.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Vell," he replied, slowly, but always with something of a smile on his countenance, though speaking in the most serious tone, "I'll tell you. She vas left-a-tome too mosh, an' ven tey are left-a-tome too mosh, vat vill dey do to amuse themselves? I ton't blame her. She vent mat."

"Mad!" I exclaimed, startled by the suddenness of the intelligence.

"Tey say so," said Uncle Van. "It vas necessary"—the "rr"s seemed to stick in his throat—"to put her under rrestraint zumvere. She is gone."

"What! looked up?" I inquired, energetically. In truth, I had only come across such things in romances, and could not realize them as fact so close to home.

"Yes. It is no bizniss of mine;" and here Uncle Van broke into a nervous laugh. "She is not my wife."

No, it was no business of his, or of anybody's, except Cavander's. The further conversation was interrupted by Mr. Pipkison, who looked in, having heard from a friend that Uncle Clym had not been seen at Lloyds' that day. He wanted to know if Van was too indisposed to join the Baa-lambs' dinner next day.

"An old friend of yours was with us at our last gathering," said Pipkison to me. "Mr. Verney. He was in high feather. Someone with money has trusted him—a novelty in that line, I believe, and Mr. Verney is to have a theatre in town, and, on the first opportunity, is to produce a piece which a long time since has been written by his eldest daughter."

"I know it," I said; "at least I think I remember having heard it years ago. Mr. Verney has always had that piece coming out. I suppose his daughters will play in it."

"I don't imagine so; one may. But I gather from the old boy himself that his eldest daughter, the authoress, has made a splendid marriage—something millionairish, and baffling description. I think its her husband who takes the theatre; that another is just going to be married, and a third—he's got three,

hasn't he?—ah, I thought so; and a third has had an offer, and is going to quit the stage altogether."

"An offer!—marriage?" I asked.

I felt he must be speaking of Julie, and, though the last thing in my thoughts would have been to marry Julie, or anybody else at that time, yet I did not like the idea of her belonging to anybody else. Julie had always been to me, though separated by position, as a sister—a sister of my own age—a confidante. That strong feeling came back to me on that idiotic night at Vauxhall. Then immediately after that it had occurred to me that I was her lover. And then I had thought of Alice, who had been to me as an elder sister, and lately of Clara Wenslow, whom, but for this information of Pipkison's, I should, without further consideration, have gone to visit at the Lakes.

Pipkison replied to my question as to the nature of the offer, that he supposed it to mean marriage, but had not inquired.

My time was my own to do what I would with it. Where was Mr. Verney? Pipkison didn't know. He had left town and given up his lodgings.

I remember his having mentioned "Heaven's own air" at Liverpool, and called to mind the fact that Nurse Davis was living somewhere near them.

This was all in my way to the Lakes. My tour was to comprise the north generally, with Liverpool to begin with, or Clara Wenslow first at Windermere, and Liverpool to finish.

There never was such a haphazard time as this vacation. No sooner had I decided upon taking Liverpool last than little Lord Pilchard, to whom I confided my plans, said he knew of a yacht at Liverpool which could be hired, that Rowdie had promised to join him. Would I make a third?

Certainly. My only knowledge of yachting was connected with the Bobs; but it seemed to me to be a pleasant way of spending part of a vacation, and so I settled with Pilchard, and we named a date of meeting.

So I took the Lakes first, and met

the Bifford Brothers on a walking tour, perpetually quarrelling as to their route, and as to which should carry the umbrella. We put up at the same hotel, and had some pleasant evenings.

As to discovering Miss Wenslow's house, which was the ostensible object of my visit, my real one being to amuse myself with novelties, that appeared to me to be a consummation devoutly to be wished for, but unattainable. Nobody knew it.

I have often noticed this in the country, that the nearer you get to the place of which you are in search, the less the resident peasantry can tell you about it.

The Biffords were walking on to Ullswater from Patterdale, and I determined to join them up to a certain point, when I would return.

This plan I carried out, but on coming back I managed to diverge from the path in order to take shelter from that not remarkably uncommon event in the Lake district, a storm; and fancying that I was making straight for Patterdale, I found, after an hour's walk, that I had completely missed the road.

I did not see a soul to speak to, no sheep even, which would have indicated a shepherd at some distance at all events, and not the slightest sign of a habitation of any description.

"Thank goodness," I thought, "I am in a valley:" for I had heard and read such mysterious stories of wanderers perishing in the hills, that I had come to look upon losing your way in the Lake district as something akin to the commencement of a German legend. I had followed the course of a small stream and had now entered a thick plantation, which seemed to me unenclosed, and showed no marks of cultivation or preservation. I pushed on for some time, and at length, to my surprise, came out upon a wild and picturesque looking tarn, such as I had met with up in the hills.

I now discerned two figures, of a man and a woman seated in a boat, at the end of the tarn, furthest from me. Towards them I made. In a few minutes I found

myself in the presence of Clara and her grandfather, old Mr. Wenslow.

Mr. Wenslow was the limpest man I have ever met. He was feeble, to such an extent of feebleness, that it seemed as if he had never had the slightest, faintest shadow of a will of his own. He had a watery smile, and humid mild eyes; he was flabby about the gills, and flabby about the nose, which seemed to have been wrung till it was loose, or injured by too much blowing. In fact, it being pear-shaped, richly tinged, and full towards what ought to have been the point, I say that, without offence, this feature could be fairly described as a full-blown nose.

Clara was charmed, she said, to see me, and blushed, at least I think she blushed. If she did, she did not appear confused. Whereas, in the presence of old Wenslow, my courage seemed to have oozed out, and I felt as though I had been caught trespassing.

"Very glad to see you, sir," said the little flabby old gentleman, landing, and holding out to me his flapping hand.

Fishing from a little boat on this tarn was Mr. Wenslow's favourite occupation, and so anyone from his appearance would have thought.

"Have you had good sport to-day, sir?" said I.

"So, so," he replied, feebly; "there's not much sport here. I'm afraid you'll find it very dull."

He seemed to think I was going to live on the tarn, or in it.

Clara reminded him that they would be delighted to see me at dinner.

"Oh, yes," said the weak old man, smiling at the prospect of such an excitement; "we shall, indeed. Mrs. Wenslow will be delighted to see you at dinner. We've only ourselves, and I don't know how we shall amuse you. I'm afraid you will find it rather dull."

He repeated this hopelessly, with a despairing glance round the tarn, from which it almost appeared as though he was expecting from it some corroboration as to his statement about the dullness which was to be my portion.

"Dull?" I returned, politely; "I am

sure this is the last place to be dull in."

I meant it; not satirically, but as a truth at that moment, and as a compliment.

"You are right," he replied, shaking his nose (I knew that he shook his head, but one lost sight of the cause in the effect) sadly, "it is the last place to be dull in. I shall never be in another. No, no."

Here he fell into a sort of brown study, from which Clara aroused him by jogging his elbow.

"It's getting late, grandpapa," she said, "and mamma said you weren't on any account to stop out after there was any chance of damp."

"Ah, yes," he said, rousing himself. Then, once more extending his hand to me, "Welcome to Greycill Holm. If you are not a fisherman, I—I,"—he looked at the time for a suggestion, but finding that none came, he dropped my hand, and added, slowly, and almost despairingly, "I'm afraid you will find it very dull."

Clara seemed somewhat annoyed, I thought, at this exhibition of second childishness.

We had some little distance to walk before reaching the house, which was one of those, quaint, sleepy old mansions seldom to be met with now-a-days in England, and bearing a strong family resemblance to those old châteaux of Normandy and Brittany. The house was not a large one, but it had a deliciously cool courtyard, where we found Mrs. Wenslow, Clara's mother (a widow lady), in a Bath-chair, drawn by a shy-looking, shock-headed boy, talking to her gardener.

Mrs. Wenslow was a sharp-eyed, fashionably and well-dressed elderly matron, with quick, brisk brown eyes, sharply-cut features, excellent teeth, which were generally very much *en évidence*, and thin lips; but her figure inclined becomingly towards *embonpoint*.

She was motherly in her style of reception, and removed all difficulties as to my dress, for I was in tourist's costume, with so ladylike and pleasant a

bearing as at once put me at my ease. Her tendencies, she explained, were rheumatic, and this would account to me for her being wheeled about in a Bath-chair.

Their pony-chaise would take me back to Patterdale, and though they were unable to offer me a bed, owing to some friends being hourly expected, and their accommodation being limited, yet if I would only make their home mine while I remained, "we shall be," said Mrs. Wenslow, "only too delighted."

Grandpapa joined in this, but was still of opinion that I should find it very dull. This being his firm conviction, no one seemed to care to disagree with him about it.

Mother and daughter were remarkably attentive to the old man, and Clara seemed to me to be gifted with a most affectionate disposition.

Our conversation naturally turned upon the "Bobs."

Mrs. Wenslow upon this, exclaimed, "Why, dear me, of course I forgot to mention it. We are expecting them. They promised to be here this morning, but I know how uncertain they are; and really, at this distance from a civilized town, it is impossible to count on anything like punctuality. But they have been so kind to Clara, that of course, when I heard they were likely to be in this neighbourhood, I could not think of their passing us without a visit."

"I've heard," said Clara, while we were discussing the Bobs, "that Mrs. Bob was, at one time of her life, a concert singer."

"My dear!" protested her mother, "you should be really more careful. Mrs. Burdon is most highly connected, and so is her husband. Let me see, his father was one of the Southdownshires; I forget whether she is their cousin, or nearer than that. I don't mean," she continued, turning to me, as though to set herself right with a member of the aristocracy on a certain point, when she had unwittingly fallen into a slight error, "I don't mean the Southdownshires of Cropland; that of course was

the elder branch, with which the barony goes, though they *do* say, as *you* know well enough, of course, that the present Lord Woolcombe is not really a member of the family at all."

She raised her eyebrows, and nodded her head at me ominously thrice.

"Indeed!" I said, being of course much interested.

"Well, of course," she went on, with a little refreshing sniff, "it's nothing to me; I don't—" with a sharp laugh—"I don't belong to the aristocracy. But if I did, I *think* I should feel a little sore if I were the real heir, and saw another put into possession by present agreement of the family. For my part, I don't know how such things are done."

Nor did I. Nor did Clara. As for grandpapa, he followed the discourse at a distance; and only once, on the removal of the soup, he was heard to murmur, "I'm afraid you'll find it a little dull;" but on the appearance of the fish he cheered up again. When we had quite changed the subject—I cannot, though, veraciously say that the subject was ever quite changed, for, so long as Mrs. Wenslow led the conversation, it continued to be about lords and ladies, the crests of various noble families, their public and private scandals, their sayings and doings—in fact, we only played variations on the original theme, which was the aristocracy; however, half-an-hour after we had dropped the Southdownshires, grandpapa broke in on a conversation about the Davie Toffies, of Toffshire, Wales, descended, as everyone knows, from that most famous Saxon Earl, Harold Hardbake; "the Hardbakes having gradually altered their spelling to Hardebayke, and married with the Harmond Rockworths, of Rockeraggie, Toothshire," explained Mrs. Wenslow. It was into this interesting conversation the old man broke, with—"I remember young Charles Chopp at the University. He was somehow connected with the Southdownshires;" and, having favoured us with this contribution, he subsided for another half-hour.

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Whenever he thus joined in the conversation, we three looked straight at him, smiled, and then went on with our own subject again—that is, Mrs. Wenslow went on with *her* own subject again.

The Bobs sent a letter to say they could not stay, and, indeed, should only be able to take advantage of Mrs. Wenslow's kind invitation, *en passant*, as they were coming from the north, were going down to Morecambe Bay, and so to Liverpool, where their yacht was waiting to take them to the Isle of Man.

"They were at Liverpool some little time ago," observed Mrs. Wenslow.

"Yes," said Clara, in a tone which showed she was not best pleased with Mrs. Burdon's present proceedings, "they stopped some time there. They never asked me, and they don't ask me to accompany them now. Mrs. Bob's very fickle, I believe. I daresay she has picked up someone whom she likes better than me."

Here she shot a glance across at me, as who would say, "Do you think there *can* be anyone to be liked better than yours truly, Clara Wenslow?"

For the moment I did not.

But oh! it was a dangerous place for a young couple to be left alone in, with a sharp general of a mother and a doddling old grandfather to act as sheep-dog, as a toothless, barkless, harmless guardian.

To stand by that old fountain in the courtyard was enough to suggest a proposal to the most bashful, for the basin being shallow, and of a peculiar curve, the drops trickled over regularly from above, and played little marriage-bell tunes on the water below.

The gold-fish eyed you suspiciously out of the corner of their eyes, as they halted meditatively in the sunlight for a second, then darted off at angles as if to fetch a friend, but only to reappear at the same point—all alone, as before—and repeat the evolution over and over again, as though it were some part of a game.

Then the fish, seeing a couple standing by the brink of their domain, would

come up to the top, open their mouths, as if saying, "Oh, I didn't know you were there! I beg pardon! Oh!" going off again as quickly as might be consistent with good-breeding. There are certain creatures in whose presence love-making is easy. Fish belong to this class. Singing birds are a trifle too noisy, and the presence of a tame bullfinch, with two-thirds of a tune in its puffy little throat, is simply intolerable.

That fountain had much to answer for. But in the midst of this, a whirlwind came and carried me away. The whirlwind was a party consisting of the Bobs and my Uncle Herbert.

"Come with us for a cruise! that'll do you good," said hearty Mrs. Bob; and Uncle Herbert not only cautioned me against refusing, but insisted upon my accepting so hospitable an offer, as he pointed out I could not refuse without positive rudeness.

I was carried off, but those three weeks at the Lakes had been fraught with danger to my peace of mind for some time to come.

There was, I ascertained, a good reason for Mrs. Bob not having invited Clara Wenslow to join them; what it was, Uncle Herbert intimated, I should know later.

"Had she got another favourite?" I asked, being indignant on Clara's account.

"It's nothing to you if she has, Cecil," replied Uncle Herbert. "You can't do better than stick to Mrs. Bob, and listen to my advice, mind that."

I was not, however, destined for the cruise with them, for, as it suddenly occurred to me, I was bound to Lord Pilchard, who with Rowdie descended at the Turtle Hotel, Liverpool, two days after our arrival.

I had promised to keep up a correspondence with Clara, and I began well, that is all I can say.

I pass over the absurd yachting expedition of us three, who knew nothing whatever about the matter; and after a month of it we returned to our starting point, Rowdie left us, and Lord Pil-

chard took me to his place near Shrewsbury. We had it all to ourselves, and idled our time away well into August, when his little lordship was off to Scotland; and I, left to my own resources, was only too glad to receive a letter from Austin, who was now at a small place called Clyn Strytton, North Wales, where he was staying with my old tutor, Mr. Blumstead, who had taken charge of this parish by way of a holiday employment for himself, and in order to enable its then clergyman—an old college friend—to get away for his vacation. Austin had arranged to spend a month at Clyn Strytton, for change and repose, and to see something of the work which a country curate with a scattered parish has to perform. When his friend wrote to Austin to say that he regretted being compelled to accept the only chance presented to him of a holiday, and mentioned Mr. Blumstead as his *locum tenens pro tem*, Austin, associating my name with this latter, proposed to keep the engagement as it originally stood, and then wrote to me.

Clyn Strytton was almost out of the reach of English civilization. The people spoke only Welsh, and the church had for years been almost deserted, save by the minister and his family.

It was a quaint old place, the date of whose erection was lost in antiquity.

Mr. Blumstead seemed to suit it exactly. His congregation consisted of ourselves and two or three Welsh peasants, who might happen to be in the neighbourhood by accident and looked in out of curiosity. They had their meeting-house at some distance off, and their out-of-door preachments in their own native tongue.

It was a holiday for my old tutor, who amused himself in the mountains waking the echoes, as he used to wake us at Hillborough, with his cornet, and giving himself what my friend Rowdie called, when I subsequently described it to him, "a regular good blow-out on the heights."

Austin and myself had much to converse about, but alas! much on which to be silent.

His search had been fruitless. Nothing had been heard of, or from, Alice, since Austin's last letter to me.

His mother, he said, was ill, but not at present so seriously as to suggest the probability of danger. He was, however, in daily expectation of a letter from his elder sister, Mrs. McCracken, with whom Mrs. Comberwood was staying.

His next duty was to write to his brother Dick in India, and the consequences of this he feared.

He had determined, at the end of the year, upon carrying out his plan of entering St. Bede's College. He prayed daily, he said, without affectation and in most perfect humility, for the safety of his sister, that she might be reclaimed, and that she might be led to him in her repentance, so that she should be repelled by no Pharisaical severity. "I do not speak," he said, "of the disgrace she has brought on our family, on our name. I esteem these as a matter of comparatively light importance. But, knowing how *she* will come to look back on all this, I dread her being driven to despair."

It was our amusement on a Saturday night to put the old church in order; and Miss Fowler, who had accompanied her brother-in-law, was glad to have something of the sort to do.

The ladies, in fact, were perpetually cleaning and brushing it up, as if a glossy appearance would induce the scattered flock to try the pasture provided for them by a maternal establishment, which they looked upon with about as much cordiality as I regarded my stepmother. This English Church was a strange mother forsooth, that could speak intelligibly neither to their hearts nor ears.

There was a worn-out old safe in a corner which belied its name immediately we attempted the lock. Here we found some musty books and a register, carelessly kept, of years gone by. Different hands were visible at various times, and we smiled at some of the odd names occurring here and there among the births, deaths, and marriages.

I was standing alone in the vestry lazily inspecting this book, when my own surname caught my eye.

There was no doubt of it, and the entry was that of a marriage; it was one of the few where the date and names were clear.

And the names that preceded the clergyman's signature (who wrote himself Daniel Gere) were—

John Colvin: Sarah Wingrove.

The remainder of the page has been torn across.

CHAPTER XXXV.

CONSULTATION—TERM TIME—A DEFAULTER—SERIOUS BUSINESS—THE LETTER—THE OFFER—ROWDIE'S ADVICE—PROCEEDINGS—CLARA WINSLOW—DOUBTS—THE COMBERWOODS—THE BOBS—MR. VERNEY SUPER MARE—UNCLE HERBERT'S ANSWER—A RETROSPECT.

THESE names on the register. What was their history? what their purport for me? Neither "John Colvin" nor "Sarah Wingrove" were absolutely uncommon. But had not the latter haunted my life? Had it ever been allowed to drop out of my memory's grasp? Never, entirely.

I turned it over and over in my mind, and could make nothing of it. I consulted Austin, and he would have been for dismissing the subject as a matter of the merest coincidence, but for my mentioning the story of Mr. Venn at Old Carter's, and the death of the strange woman whom I had seen with Venn and Cavander in Kensington Gardens. I arrived at a determination.

"I will ask my father point blank," I said.

Austin shook his head over this proposition.

"Of what use," he inquired, "will such a course be to you?"

I could not exactly say, but it struck me it would lead to some catastrophe, which would include, at all events, an explanation, whether satisfactory or unsatisfactory I could not pretend to conjecture.

"No," returned Austin, "I do not think I would mention it until you and your father should be once more upon such terms of intimacy as would warrant an allusion to what may be either a painful incident in the family history—for it does not follow that the John here mentioned was your father—or an accidental concurrence of the names, which, as it happens, are of peculiar interest to yourself personally."

"I might tell Uncle Herbert," I suggested.

"You would be wrong to do so. Evidently, if it concerns your father at all, Sir John is the first person to be informed of your discovery, and that, not by a third person, even though he should be so near a relation as Mr. Herbert Pritchard, but by the discoverer himself."

"Then I must wait for an opportunity; for as long as my father is so guarded by my stepmother, and so entirely under the Cavander control as he now is, I shall have as much chance of seeing him alone, as anyone had of an interview with the Man in the Iron Mask."

This was the result of our consultation. I made a copy of the entry, and placed it in my diary. Gradually it ceased to trouble me, and by the time of my return to Cowbridge, I had well nigh forgotten its existence.

Had I acted upon the impulse of the moment, and gone at once to my father, register-entry in hand, I should have learnt what might, or might not have been its importance; but once having let myself stand to cool, I soon found plenty of other subjects of more immediate and special interest, whereon to expend my energy.

On the third day of term, Marmy Denne entered my room.

"Here's a go!" he exclaimed, throwing himself into an armchair, and looking as blank as the empty grate at which he was standing.

"What is it, Marmy?"

"Why, Thingammy—I mean Dr. Falkner's bolted."

"Bolted!" I exclaimed.

At that season of early youth, I could

not imagine anyone in real life "bolting." I knew something of bailiffs, and writs and warrants, in novels and plays, but of their existence, save as expedients for the use of romancists and dramatists, and therefore as creations of the brain, I could at that time form no idea. Such words as time, money, trouble, sorrow, had for me rather less meaning than the strange characters on the Assyrian stones.

"Bolted!" I repeated. "What on earth has he bolted for?"

"Debt; so they say here," answered Marmy. "I've been talking to old Sam Lincoln and his wife"—he alluded to the proprietors of a well-known confectioner's, the back-room of whose shop was laid out like a small restaurant's, where those who either could not, or would not dine, or, at all events, had not dined, in Hall, were wont to take a simple well-cooked late dinner—"and they said he was a regular bad lot, and obliged to cut and run. He'd done all the tradesmen here, and in a heap of other places too, old Sam says."

"How does he know?"

"Lor!" replied Marmy, "he knows everything that goes on here."

Old Sam Lincoln was certainly a trustworthy authority.

"And," continued Marmy, "I met Jack Freshly"—he was my landlord, and as good a gossip as any in Cowbridge—"who told me that the police had been after him, and he wasn't away a minute too soon. I didn't quite make out whether it was police or bailiffs, but, anyhow, the Doctor bolted, and I rather think Master Jack has helped him to mizzle."

Marmy had a free-and-easy way with him, but was less slangy than Rowdie, who now came in with his usual big knobbly-stick, projecting out of his very short P-jacket. Why the Honourable Maledin Rowdie adopted this costume it was impossible to say. His best reason was because he chose to do so, and having chosen, he was not going to alter his style for anybody. I rather fancy that, if Professor Manley (of the P.R.) had hinted that his patron's cos-

tume was not quite the thing, it might have had some effect upon Rowdie. However, we took him as he was, and for what he was; and those who really knew him, honestly liked him. He began with a laugh; he always began with a laugh, which, in writing, it is impossible to describe exactly; the nearest approach I can make to conveying any idea of the effect of this laugh is to say, that like an orator's cough, it was generally prefatal; and, like a semicolon, it hitched up the conversation, in such a manner that for someone else to have spoken, under the impression that Rowdie had finished, would have been resented by the latter as a rude interruption.

"Oho!" laughed Rowdie. "Here's a pretty blessed boil over!"

"You've heard?" asked Marmy.

"Rayther so!" answered Rowdie, who preferred any slang to the pronunciation and terms of ordinary respectable society. In fact he had become worse than ever.

"I know," continued Rowdie, "what you coves will say. You'll say that I got him into our lot, and that I forced the card on the club."

A sudden light broke upon me.

"Why," I exclaimed, "we have entrusted him with the club funds!"

"Of course," rejoined Rowdie; "we were such a clever lot o' fellows, we were. But it's my fault, and so pr'aps, if you'll just send out to the Committee to come to my rooms, I'll offer to pay the little lot, and put myself right that way."

"No, no," protested Marmy, "you shan't do that. I voted for him too."

So had I, as Rowdie's friend.

The Committee however did meet, and the result was to place the whole matter in a solicitor's hands.

This, I think, was my first introduction to anything resembling important business. We made "a whip round" for the sum required, and the funds of the club soon looked as fresh as ever.

The third week after this I received a note which had been lying at the post-office under cover of initials, with di-

rection on the outer envelope to the effect that if the letter were not called for within five days, the Postmaster was to break the seal and deliver it to where the letter was addressed. This was evidently a plan to render the post-mark useless. It was from Mr. Venn, alias Dr. Falkner.

In it he owned his guilt, and pleaded his necessities. He begged me not to proceed to extremities, as he had a wife and family dependent upon him, of whom I had never till that moment heard, and I was inclined to think that they had been invented for the occasion.

He wrote further:—

"If you will deal with me mercifully in this matter, and God knows I have troubles enough to weigh me down (from which may you always be spared), I say, if you will deal mercifully, and get your friends, who have been such good friends to me that I curse the moment of fearful pressure when I yielded to this dire temptation—and get your friends to deal kindly with me also (for I do swear I will work my fingers to the bone in order to repay them what,—had I had but the courage to ask as a loan, they would have granted), I will put you in possession of some information which will most certainly be of the greatest importance to you hereafter, and a clue to the nature of which you will find in one conversation (if you can call it to mind) at Broad's, when we were both on our way to Cowbridge,—after your accident in the dogcart. Let me implore you to attend to this, and, believe me, I am not using vain words. I can be of the utmost use to you, and one day you will, if you refuse me this request, deeply regret not having acceded to it. It is in your power to help me; it is in your power, even by the advance of a small sum and getting your friends to consider these funds (which I had intended merely to use and return with interest; I assure you upon my oath, this is true) as a loan, to reinstate me in my position, or at least to start me in another, where I shall recommence practice and honestly pay my debts. A

line addressed to John Hunter, 16, Rue des Carmes, Boulogne, will ultimately find me, but I cannot say how long it will be ere it arrives at its destination. I am in deep distress. But *the information that it is in my power to give you would make my liberty well worth your purchase money.* It may so happen that circumstances *will prevent my ever returning to England*; if so, the secret will be safe with me, wherever I am, till you send to buy it. Let me know your decision, and believe me faithfully yours, V. Falkner."

This letter I showed only to Rowdie.

Rowdie was of opinion at once that it was "a dodge."

"The Doctor's a sly old fox," said Rowdie; "and all he wants is some more tin. He thinks you're a sort of soft-hearted cove, who'll be just before he's generous, with a lot of ready cash to spare, and nothing to do with it; and he imagines that you'll get the other fellows—he don't write to *me*, by the way," he suddenly interpolated, in a rather injured tone; then he went on—"He thinks you'll soft-sawder the others, that they'll say 'all serene,' and have the old boy back. But," said Rowdie, laying a finger significantly against his nose, "I wouldn't have him back; no, siree, not on no account! though, at the same time, I wouldn't be hard on the poor beggar."

I was inclined to take this view of it myself.

Rowdie was right. Venn had appealed to my soft-heartedness, which was, at that time, another name for my green-hornedness. For, see, I had never detected any thorough hypocrite; I had never, to my knowledge, met with such a creature as a swindler; and my youthful profession of faith was, "All men are truthful."

The supposition that Venn should have a wife and family, whose existence he had not, for reasons of his own, mentioned to me, or to any of us, seemed, on second thought, not at all improbable; and the more consideration I bestowed upon Venn's letter, the more thoroughly convinced did I become of his honesty

and virtue, which had bent, not broken, beneath some temporary pressure.

This theory of mine was, it is needless to say, laughed out of court; and the result was to leave matters *in statu quo*, that is, we, as a Committee of a Club, were to proceed against Dr. Falkner on the criminal charge. Rowdie explained the case fully to me, and advised me to give the Doctor, so to speak, law, in a sporting sense, by not furnishing the solicitor with the address I had in my possession.

"After all," said Rowdie, "it'll be enough if he doesn't come back here. That'll be a good punishment for him; for he won't live so well anywhere else; and as we should never get our tinnums back, what's the good of transporting the ruffian?"

"But what do you think of his offer of valuable information to me, eh?" I asked Rowdie when we were talking over the affair alone.

"Bosh!" returned Rowdie, laughing; "all bosh. You recollect the story of the Irishman going to the jeweller's, and asking what would be given for a lump of gold the size of an ostrich egg. The jeweller dined him, liquored him, and tried to get over him in every possible way. Pat ate the dinner (he hadn't had one for a long time), and made himself thoroughly at home until a late hour, when he was leaving without ever having said a word about the prize supposed to be in his possession.

"What about the crock of gold as big as an ostrich egg?" inquired the jeweller, nervously.

"The gold as big as an ostrich egg?" says Pat, who seemed to have forgotten about it. Then, as if suddenly remembering, he replied, "Ah sure I was only axing wat would you be inclined to give for a lump of gold the size of an ostrich egg, *supposing I should be after finding such a thing.*" I fancy that's about the size of the Doctor's valuable information."

"Then, perhaps, I had better not answer the letter?" I asked, hesitatingly.

"Perhaps!" rejoined Rowdie, laughing at the utter absurdity of such an idea. "Of course not."

So the letter remained unanswered. Probably it went into the waste-paper basket, thence into the grate, and there was an end of it.

The remainder of *My Time* at Cowbridge, though far from uneventful, is of no importance to this record, except inasmuch as I gained no more experience of life than I had up to my entering at Tudor. My vacations I spent in visits, often to the Bobs, once to the Wenslows, when they had a house near London, and Clara Wenslow I frequently met at Mrs. Bob's.

My Uncle Herbert kept ward and watch over me, and was, while I was in his sight, ever on the alert to prevent me from plunging headlong into a deep matrimonial abyss. Still, for all this, and separated for a length of time together, I somehow felt myself gradually bound more and more towards Clara Wenslow.

We corresponded, clandestinely on my part, which was dishonest: openly on her part, which was perfectly fair: at least so it seemed to me.

Of Alice Comberwood no intelligence had been received by any of her family.

Dick learnt such news as there was to be learnt of her while he was in India, and having obtained leave of absence, himself attempted to discover her retreat.

His suspicions fell on one man, but he found himself utterly helpless in bringing the crime home to him. Had not Austin, had not I, had not the Clyms' suspicions all been directed towards one quarter? Towards whom? Towards a man who Mr. Comberwood professed to consider as one of his best friends, to whom he was bound in business, and who had already been the cause of such an increase to his wealth, by recommending judicious speculation, as had far exceeded the hitherto careful lawyer's old-fashioned notions.

True that Mrs. Comberwood regarded these dealings with anxiety; but in business her husband was out of her control, and, heart-broken by her child's desertion, she lacked all her former spirit and energy.

They were, neither of them, the same as of yore; their geniality had vanished; they were irritable, and shared their grief in separate burdens, which they bore apart, neither speaking to the other of the load, nor offering to lighten it. Mr. Comberwood was living for money, and showed no pleasure in anything else. Austin's object in life had no interest for his father. His mother was still affectionate with him, as was he with her, and through her he seemed to hope to touch his father's heart, which, strange to say, had been hardened by the same blow that had broken his mother's.

The home of the Comberwoods had ceased to exist. Thus, though from totally different causes, Austin and myself were placed in a similar position.

Sir Frederick was a careless man, and not a wise one. He shrank from making the scandal public property. He accepted his situation, saying that he had tried married life, and had no wish to return to it. He never spoke of his wife, and henceforth lived as a bachelor. In a short time his name was amongst the foremost at races, steeplechases, where he rode himself, and at all meetings of a sporting character. Dick Comberwood called on Sir Frederick, and, from what Austin hinted, I gathered that the baronet had not come with flying colours out of *that* interview.

My visits at Langoran House were of the most formal character. When in London I stopped at Broad's and enjoyed myself. Rowdie and Marmy Denne were my constant companions, and serving as a link between their tastes, I was pulled first to this side, then to that, taken here, taken there, until I had seen as much of London life as would have sufficed for me for many a year to come. Rowdie was hand-and-glove with all the sporting-men, publicans, with little rat-killing dogs, retired prizefighters, prizefighters not retired, while Marmy's tastes lay in the direction of theatres and theatrical clubs. His name was "up," he informed me, with great delight, for the Roscius Club, "where you meet everybody, all the actors, artists, and

literary men," and he had already managed, through myself, who had introduced him to Mr. Pipkison, to be elected an honorary member of the Baa Lambs. He was looking forward to quitting Cowbridge and residing in town, with the greatest possible anticipation of pleasure. On the several occasions of my dining at the Lambs' hospitable table Mr. Verney was absent. It was reported of him that he was engaged in beating up recruits in the provinces for his great Metropolitan undertaking. His eldest daughter had married "money," and Mr. Verney was to open a theatre on his own account, or rather with the account of his son-in-law, whose wife, playing under her maiden name, was to be the leading actress, the bright particular star of the new company.

Once, and once only, in my last long vacation, before my degree term, when I was passing a few weeks with the Bobs at Southsea (which Mr. Bob preferred as a station to "the Island"), I came across Mr. Verney and Julie. He had been recruiting, and Julie had been playing. To my surprise, Mr. Verney approached Mrs. Bob with his politest bow, taking off his hat with such a flourish, as, had there been a breeze, would have sent it into the sea.

Mrs. Bob had seen Julie at some provincial theatre, and had taken a great fancy to her.

I was delighted at hearing this; but Clara Wenslow was with us at the time of our meeting, and I had no opportunity of speaking alone with Julie.

This annoyed me considerably; and, somehow, from that moment I began to consider myself more firmly bound than ever to Clara (as I see by my diary), and at the same time to look upon the attachment which had sprung up between us, and which I felt was strong on her part, as an irksome tie. And whenever I named Clara, I thought of Julie.

"You're enjoying yourself here, Mr. Verney?" observed good-natured Mrs. Bob, who, I found, took great delight in drawing out her new acquaintance.

"My dear madam," replied Mr. Ver-

ney, turning so as to face the sea for his audience (we were on the promenade) and speaking more *at* Mrs. Bob on his right, than *to* her; "My dear madam, this is life; this is the pure air of heaven, and the revivification, the recuperation of the vital forces. The system," he continued, settling his hat slightly on one side with both hands, "requires it, and when Nature, who is of your own sex, madam, commands,—what remains for us poor mortals, being, men, but to obey? 'When lovely woman,' &c." said Mr. Verney, stopping abruptly in his quotation, with a short laugh which showed either that he had forgotten the rest of it, or had suddenly become alive to its inapplicability to the present circumstances. However, he threw into his look just so much expression as would eke out the blank which he had made in his address, and before any of us could put in a word, he had waved his right hand as a sort of preliminary danger signal to give notice that his express train of thought was coming along the line, and all others must get out of the way for fear of accidents, and thus recommenced:—"Yes, my dear madam, I like Southsea, for a while: the air is bracing, the sky is open and clear; the offing is full of life with its ships, its yachts, and its steamers; on the greensward, a trifle too dusty, perhaps, and sunburnt—but you must be sunburnt by the sea-side—I say on the greensward from morning to night you can witness evolutions of troops to the beat of drum, and the sound of the stirring life. Beauty is here more beautiful, being radiant with health; and to sit in the coffee-room of your hotel at breakfast, nice white table-cloth, a plateful of fresh-coloured prawns, a crisp French roll, a delicate pat of butter, and a homely pot of tea, with your morning's newspaper at your side, and a whiff of the briny stealing in through the open window, this appears to me to be the acme of earthly happiness, if not absolutely an anticipation of future bliss."

"You describe it feelingly," observed Mrs. Bob.

"Madam," returned Mr. Verney,

"my heart expands like the petals of the tropical convolvulus (a beautiful flower, but little cultivated in this climate) beneath the rays of the morning sun. And, after breakfast, being here for a holiday, I stick my cigar in my larboard gill—you, as a yachtswoman, if I may so say, will appreciate the expression—and I walk out on to the pier, where the sea-gulls perch, one on each shoulder, like a pair of epaulettes, and some genuine old salt in charge of the guns, or the tackle, or employed as the man at the 'look-out,' spins yarns to me as long as my arm by the quarter-of-an-hour, in return for a timely pipeful of tobacco, which causes me no loss, and renders him for ever grateful."

"You haven't yet finished your engagement here," said Mrs. Bob, addressing Julie.

"To-morrow is my last night," answered Julie, in her quiet voice. "I have not forgotten your kind note, Mrs. Burdon, and I think you gave me till to-morrow to answer it."

"Yes, or till you get to town, and can consult your father and mother together."

"My daughter *has* consulted me already," said Mr. Verney; "and it only remains to hear what Mrs. Verney has to say, because, my dear madam, though at first sight——"

"I don't think we'll discuss it now," interrupted Mrs. Burdon, somewhat hastily; "it will be time enough if I hear within the next two months. I suppose you are going up to London the day after to-morrow?"

"My poverty and not my will consents," said Mr. Verney. "I mean that the business which now engages my attention must be done by me personally on the spot, though indeed I grieve to leave this romantic and healthful situation, not to mention the most comfortable hotel, which I can recommend to anyone in search of quiet home comforts, where I have a small room, cosy as carpet slippers, snug as the winter nest of a dormouse," here he pointed his description as though he were arranging a scene on his own stage, "with a practi-

cable window, left, looking out on to the sea, fireplace for ventilation, right centre, and door in flat: I go out and come in as I like. In the morning I stroll into the town, visit the fruiterer's, buy my green fig, the juice of which (for you must carefully cast aside the skin and the small residuum of hard stalk) cools the system generally, while the ozonic properties of the atmosphere so brace up the larynx, that a strong-voiced man can reach E flat in alt, or whatever the high pitch may be, I forget now, with comparative ease and certainty, and without distressing his physique. I have no hesitation in saying that, all things considered, a few days at such a sea-side resort, as this, spent in the manner I have described, must represent the *summum bonum*—I may almost say the *summerum bonum* of terrestrial felicity."

Mr. Verney's speech ought to have been taken down in shorthand by an employé of the hotel he was patronizing: it would have served the proprietors admirably for an advertisement. Mr. Verney, it has since occurred to me, was himself quite an advertisement to them, and they certainly could have afforded (though I am not aware they adopted this plan) to let him stop there gratis. I believe had they done so they would have been the gainers by it to a considerable extent.

I record this occasion of our meeting, as it was not for some time afterwards that I had the opportunity of speaking with Julie.

"What was Mrs. Bob talking about to Mr. Verney?" I asked Uncle Herbert afterwards.

Uncle Herbert didn't know exactly.

"Doesn't Old Verney go out and get up private theatricals, and your little friend, his pretty daughter, Miss Julie, doesn't she go out, too, and act?" suggested Uncle Herbert in the form of a question.

"Ah, of course. I remember;" and the performances at Ringhurst White-boys flashed across me.

How I call to mind Alice entering the hall, and her look of contempt for

the young professional, who had played a page in an Opera. Alice would not then have thought her worthy to have assisted her in holding a garland of flowers for the decoration of Ringhurst chancel. And now—where was Alice, with all her religious training and her æstheticism? Alas! I knew not, nor did any one of those who loved her most, know more than this, that, by her own confession, she had fallen, fallen for ever from her high estate here—and for the rest it was a blank. But Julie, the little Miss Publican, scarce daring to raise her eyes to Heaven while my Lady Pharisee swept proudly by, how had *she* stood her trial—that trial which to my knowledge had come so early and with such strong inducement, such powerful temptation? Whence had she those principles which resisted the evil as soon as it was whispered in her ear,

which made her strong not only to save herself, but to save her whom she loved so truly, her own sister? What education had she beyond the lowest Sunday and day school teaching, when from her earliest years she had been earning her own livelihood on the boards of the Theatre?

Our meeting had given birth to such thoughts as the above, which I have since found recorded in my diary. Sometimes I fancy that in my last vacation before my degree term at Cowbridge, this day when I met Julie at Southsea, was the turning-point of my life. Henceforth I was to take a more serious view of my future career; but I could only come unto the light very, very, very gradually; and I was moving onwards unconscious of my progress as is a ship of its own motion.

To be continued.

THE PRINCE PRINTERS OF ITALY.

THE rivalries and jealousies of the Italian States, their struggles for liberty, and their individual feuds, have been a common theme with historians of the Middle Ages.

But however deplorable may have been the effect of such a continual state of civil war upon the general welfare of the country, it has not been altogether barren of good results.

The rulers of the various Italian States were indeed always striving to outshine each other in the splendour and magnificence of their Courts, but they cherished at the same time a far nobler emulation. They soon perceived that genius of any kind was the brightest ornament which they could obtain for their respective Courts, and that, by the protection which they vied with one another in affording to literature and art, they secured celebrity at the time, and a lasting renown for the future. They were, therefore, at all times careful to cherish and kindle the smouldering fire of that native genius which was the special heritage of Italy, and which she preserved through all the rude vicissitudes of external conquest and internal warfare.

In Italy first appeared that dawn of light, destined in its meridian splendour to dissipate the dense ignorance into which Europe generally was plunged. The earliest efforts of her language, half a century before Dante wrote the poem which so largely contributed to form it, were protected and fostered at the Court of Frederick II. King of Sicily. To touch only upon great examples:—In 1316 we find Dante entertained at the Court of the Scaligeri at Verona, and the princely hospitality of his host is immortalized in that portion of the "Divina Commedia" which, as a further proof of Dante's gratitude, was dedicated to Can Grande della Scala—"Il Gran Lombardo," as the poet calls him.

Similar hospitality was shown to Dante during the last years of his life by Guido da Polenta, Lord of Ravenna; and Petrarch, following closely upon the footsteps of Dante, was sought after and honoured by all the princes of Italy, as we have recently shown in these pages. Nor did the princes only extend their favour to what may be called the creative genius of the thirteenth century; they were also foremost in promoting that research among the long-lost classics which was the distinguishing mark of the next century.

This research, first begun by Petrarch and Boccaccio, and pursued with infinite labour in circumstances of great difficulty, received in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries very general encouragement. The Pontiffs in Rome, the Medici in Florence, the Visconti, afterwards succeeded by the Sforza, at Milan, the Arragon kings of Naples, the Houses of Gonzaga in Mantua, and of Este in Ferrara, the Dukes of Urbino—all promoted this revival of learning. They sent emissaries to all parts of the world for the purpose of collecting manuscripts, and no journey was accounted too dangerous or too protracted to obtain them. Pre-eminently, Lorenzo de' Medici spared neither trouble nor expense in his researches. He sent to explore both Europe and Asia for Greek and Latin manuscripts, which, when brought to him, he purchased at any price; and twice, with a magnificence worthy of his name, did he despatch the celebrated Giovanni Lascari to the Sultan Bajazet, in order that under the Imperial protection he might carry his researches through Greece. Two hundred manuscripts, of which eighty were new discoveries, were the result of these journeys.¹

On the discovery of the twelve come-

¹ Tiraboschi, *Storia della Letteratura Italiana*, vol. vi. p. 137.

dies of Plautus in 1429,—for up till that time only eight were supposed to exist—copies of the manuscript had immediately to be made for the several Houses of Visconti, of Este, and of the Medici. It is further related as a proof of the esteem in which these treasures of classical learning were held by the princes, that a manuscript of Livy's *Annals*, sent by Cosmo de' Medici to Alfonso, King of Naples, sufficed to appease a quarrel between them; though the king was counselled by his physicians to examine it carefully lest Cosmo should have introduced poison between the leaves.¹

But none of the princes of this time deserve so much praise as an encourager of learning as Nicholas V. (Thomas Sarzana), who became Pope in 1447. He founded the Vatican Library, and left it at his death enriched with 5,000 volumes, a treasure far exceeding that of any other collection in Europe. Every scholar who needed maintenance, found it at the Court of Rome, and of several Greek authors were translated into Latin, by order of Pope Nicholas V.²

Almost all the works of the classical authors were either found in Italy or elsewhere by Italians, and the enthusiasm which had been shown in collecting manuscripts next took the form of bestowing them in those magnificent libraries which are among the great wonders of Italy. Niccolo Niccoli, a Florentine of eminent learning, first conceived the idea, and founded the first public library in the convent of the S. Spirito at Florence, of which Boccaccio's private collection of books was the germ, he having left them as a legacy to that convent. From this eventually sprang the famous Medicean library, only one among many of the princely libraries of Italy.

The fall of the Eastern Empire towards the middle of this century compelled the Greeks in considerable numbers to seek a refuge in Italy, when

they further disclosed those immortal monuments of their language which the Crusades had been the first means of revealing to the European mind. Thus a new and still more powerful stimulus was given to the general desire for information.

This thirst was very partially relieved while the fountain of learning continued to trickle out, drop by drop, through the difficult and costly channels of copies and transcriptions. But the wonderful discovery of Gutenberg suddenly opened the spring, and diffused the long-pent-up waters of learning over the civilized world.

Printing could not have been invented at a more propitious moment for the perfecting of this wondrous art. The especial circumstances of the age caused it to be universally appreciated, and it seemed to crown the joint labours of the princes and learned men with a success which, in their wildest dreams, they could not have expected to attain.

Although Germany must fairly claim the honour of this great invention, it has never been questioned that Italy was the first to follow in her footsteps; and it is worthy of notice how quickly she adopted and succeeded in appropriating to herself the invention of another country. This was only natural. Abundantly rich in her own talents, she had no cause to envy a foreign discovery, and at that moment of supreme activity of mind she did not hesitate to adopt the new invention, although it did not originate with her. On the contrary, nursed and cherished in the centre of art and learning, printing soon reached its highest perfection.

The rude wooden moveable characters, Gutenberg's great discovery and improvement on the still ruder engraved blocks of wood, from which the so-called "block-books" were printed, and which was the earliest form of the art¹—were now discarded for types cut by the artist-hand of a Francia; men of profound

¹ Hallam, *Lit. of Europe*, vol. i. p. 150.

² Tiraboschi, *Storia della Letteratura Italiana*, vol. vi. p. 126.

³ Hallam, *Lit. of Europe*, vol. i. p. 143.

"This mode of printing from blocks of wood has been practised in China from time immemorial."

erudition and cultivated talents were employed to select and revise the manuscripts about to be printed; while princes were willing to devote much of their wealth, and even to sacrifice a portion of their territories, to this new and wonderful method for the diffusion of knowledge.

Thus when Aldo Manuzio, who may be rightly called the father of Italian typography, first set up his printing-press in Venice, it was Alberto Pio, Prince of Carpi, who defrayed the cost,—whose family name of “Pio” Aldo was permitted to bear, on account of the great affection and intimacy which existed between them, and by it the princes of Italy will always be associated with the first great printer of their country.

Before proceeding to speak of Aldo, whose life and works are more generally known, some few words should be said about his patron, whose remarkable talents and singular excellence, while they deserved a better fate in his lifetime, have been allowed to remain too long in obscurity after his death. Tiraboschi,¹ the great historian of Italian literature, first brought them to the light. Till that time no one had ever written any account of the life of the Alberto Pio. He was the son of Leonello, Prince of Carpi, a small principality, now only a town in the present Duchy of Modena. His mother was the sister of Pico della Mirandola, the accomplished friend of Lorenzo de’ Medici. It had been arranged that Alberto Pio, and his brother Leonello, should divide the principality with Giberto and his brothers, the descendants of another branch of the same family. This division of authority, especially when the estate to be governed was of small dimensions, caused, as may easily be imagined, fierce and continual dissensions, and the estates of the Pio family were the scene of perpetual warfare. As usual, the Emperor of Germany was appealed to, and, as usual, no good result ensued.

The neighbouring Dukes of Ferrara also strove more than once to appease the quarrel in Carpi. But the truces were always of short duration, until in the year 1500, Giberto, in order to revenge himself on his cousin Alberto, sold his rights over the principality of Carpi to the Duke of Ferrara, receiving in exchange a few towns belonging to the dukedom.

Thus did Ercole, Duke of Ferrara, first obtain a hold over the principality of Carpi, and his successor, Alfonso, was not slow to avail himself of this semblance of a right. By the payment of 100,000 florins to the Emperor Charles V., he obtained from him in 1552 the investiture of the principality, in defiance of a former decree of the Emperor Maximilian, which upheld the rights of Alberto Pio and annulled the cession made by Giberto to the Dukes of Ferrara. The Prince of Carpi, when thus robbed of his dominions, retired to the Court of Francis the First, and found his best consolation in those literary pursuits which in his brighter days he had so liberally protected.

Passing by the further political vicissitudes of Carpi before its final absorption into the Duchy of Ferrara, which have but a remote bearing on the subject of this paper, we will now look upon her Prince from a literary point of view. Our admiration for the eminence which he obtained, both in the cultivated use of his own mind and in his endeavours to promote it in others, is increased by the consideration of the perpetual state troubles by which he was harassed. From his earliest years, at the age of four, he was the pupil of Aldo Manuzio,¹ and for nine years he enjoyed the advantage of so distinguished a tutor, whereby he acquired a permanent taste for literature. The gratitude which the young prince felt on this account to Aldo, lasted through life, and showed itself on every occasion. Aldo, on the other hand, had the highest esteem for his young pupil, and paid a striking tribute to

¹ *Storia*, vol. vii. pp. 236, 283, *et seq.*

¹ Manni, *Vita di Aldo Pio Manuzio*, p. 9.

his zeal for learning in dedicating to him the first volume of his magnificent edition of Aristotle of 1495, called "Editio Princeps."¹ In this dedication, Manuzio addresses Alberto Pio as the patron of all learned men, his own patron more especially; adverts to his enthusiasm for collecting Greek books, thus following in the footsteps of his learned uncle, Pico della Mirandola; and dwells upon the fair promise of his early years, so admirably spent in the improvement of his own mind and in endeavouring to promote the revival of learning, since he had for many years been indefatigable in collecting Latin, Greek, and Hebrew manuscripts, while he entertained with a princely magnificence the most learned men he could find, to correct and explain them.²

Of a similar nature is the eulogium of Federigo Asolano, who also dedicated to the Prince of Carpi the second volume of the works of Galen. But Aldo Manuzio was more especially bound to express his sense of obligation to Alberto Pio, for, together with his uncle, Pico della Mirandola, this prince had formed a design which may well entitle them to be called the "Prince Printers of Italy." Their scheme was to publish an entire set of new and correct editions of Latin and Greek authors, in order the better to promote the study of the two languages.

The greatest printer of the age, Aldo Manuzio, was chosen to execute their project, which Erasmus, in his "Proverbs," afterwards printed by Aldo, rightly terms one of princely magnificence: for it included the restoration of literature fast falling to decay; the disinterment of that which had lain concealed for ages; the supply of what was deficient; the correction, by careful comparison, of manuscripts which appeared erroneous.³

For this purpose Alberto Pio, although

according to Rénouard he was then only twelve years old, and his uncle, Pico della Mirandola, wished to set up a magnificent printing-press in Carpi for Aldo Manuzio, giving him absolute possession of one of his castles in which to carry on the work, and even as a further mark of honour investing him with the government of a part of his territory. An Academy of Arts and Sciences was to be included in the scheme, in order that these might flourish in his dominions, and Carpi be the centre whence the Aldine editions should emanate. Unhappily, so splendid a design was frustrated by the political disturbances already alluded to, and Aldo had to betake himself to Venice, where he set up, in 1488,¹ his famous printing-press, the cost of which was defrayed by the two princes, Alberto Pio and Pico della Mirandola, who by no means abandoned that part of the project because they could not have the glory of executing it in their own dominions. On the contrary, they gave large sums of money for this purpose, and throughout the various vicissitudes of the life of Aldo these two princes, despite their own political troubles, continued to befriend him. The printing-press thus established at Venice had a marvellous success. Before twenty years elapsed there was scarcely a Greek or Latin author whose works had not issued from it in one of those beautiful editions now so rare and so eagerly coveted.

The full merit of these editions can only be rightly appreciated when we consider that the manuscripts from which they were printed were often imperfect, mutilated, and half effaced; the copies of the same author not always agreeing together, and demanding as much patience, wisdom, and sagacity on the part of the critic as manual dexterity on the part of the printer.

¹ This edition of Aristotle was in five vols., the first bearing date 1495, the last 1498.—HALLAM, *Lit. of Europe*, vol. i. pp. 224, 225.

² Tiraboschi, vii. p. 291.

³ Maffei, *Storia della Lett. Ital.* vol. i. p. 242.

¹ Manni, *Vita di Aldo Pio Manuzio*, p. 12. There have been various opinions as to the exact date of this event, but Manni founds his assertion on Aldo's Preface to Aristotle, dated 1495, in which Aldo affirms that he has been seven years engaged in the "difficult and costly undertaking of printing."

Hitherto books had been usually printed in folio, but Manuzio was first inspired with the idea of publishing them in a smaller and more convenient form.

In order to compress the contents of these folios into the 8vo size which he invented, and which has since become so common a form of volume, he caused to be engraved that peculiar kind of type, which for a long time bore the name of the "Aldine Type," and which we now term "Italic."

It was originally copied from the handwriting of Petrarch in the manuscript of the "Canzoniere," and the characters to which Aldo owes so much of his fame, and which may justly claim our admiration for the grace and taste of their forms, are supposed, with good reason, to have been cut by no less a hand than that of the great artist Francesco Raibolini, or "Il Francia."

From the beginning of the invention of printing, the types were for the most part engraved by either goldsmiths, coiners, or engravers of some kind or another, and the chief masters in the art were always chosen for this purpose. It is well known that "Francia" was unrivalled in his goldsmith work; that the medals and money stamped with coins of his engraving were equal to those of the famous "Caradosso" of Milan, and that when employed to paint the Altar-piece of the Bentivoglio Chapel, he signed his work "Franciscus Francia, Aurifex," as if to denote that he was by profession a goldsmith, and not an artist.¹

The first time that this type was employed was in the edition of Virgil published by Aldo in 1501, and he is careful to acknowledge his obligation to the great artist in the following inscription:—

"In Grammatoglyptæ Laudem
Qui graiis dedit Aldus, in latinis
Dat nunc Grammata scalptra dædaleis
Francisci manibus Bononiensis." ²

¹ Lanzi, *Storia Pittorica dell' Italia*, vol. v. p. 20.

² Rénouard, *Annales des Aldes*, vol. i. p. 165. There has been some doubt as to whether this Francisci was the same person as the famous Francia, but Sir Antonio Panizzi, in a beau-

It is only much to be lamented that Aldo did not continue to act in accordance with this acknowledgment. Far from doing so, he obtained from the Government of Venice a monopoly for the use of these types during a period of ten years, and three successive Popes—Alexander VI., Julius II., and Leo X.—laboured to secure Aldo this monopoly, while it was forbidden to Francia to cut types for anyone else, and to all, save Aldo, was their use forbidden. In all the history of monopolies and privileges one more odious than this could hardly be found. Even admitting, as it is commonly urged, that Aldo first invented the characters to which he gave his name, the mere fact of their having been executed by another hand ought to have restrained him from demanding, and the Government from according, so unjust and so exclusive a monopoly. In the rare and beautiful edition of Petrarch which Francia published at Bologna, where he set up his printing-press after his separation from Aldo, is to be found, on the title-page, his lament that he had lost both the glory and the profit which he would have derived from the characters cut by his own hand, had not both fallen to the share of Aldo Manuzio. The rival printers of Soncino, near Cremona, who first printed the Hebrew characters, and who, although they afterwards set up their printing-presses throughout Italy, always preserved the name of their native town till it became a family name, declared also, without hesitation, that Aldo had usurped from Francesco da Bologna the honour of the invention and the design of the running characters.¹ They further added that no one was to be compared with Francia for skill in engraving, not only Latin and Greek, but also Hebrew characters.

It must, however, also in fairness be fitful little treatise (from whence this information has been drawn) entitled "Chi era Francesco da Bologna," and privately printed in 1856, proves this point to the satisfaction of all his readers. See also Blade, *Life of Caxton*, vol. ii. p. 24.

¹ Familiarly called "caratteri corsivi."

stated that Rénouard does his best to justify Aldo from this accusation, by asserting that the inscription in the Virgil is an all-sufficient acknowledgment of the artist's share in the invention of the running characters.¹ Be this as it may, it would still seem much to be regretted that even the semblance of so great a blot should rest on the character of a man who, like Aldo Manuzio, spent his whole life in efforts to contribute to the progress of the human mind and the advancement of civilization.

It is indeed difficult to form an idea of the enthusiasm with which Aldo laboured to place once more before mankind those grand productions of ancient classical literature which had so long been allowed to remain in obscurity. If he discovered a manuscript which had not yet been printed, he never ceased in his efforts till he had gained possession of it, regardless of trouble and expense. While he thus promoted the interests of learned men, they in return gave him their best assistance. From all sides contributions of manuscripts flowed in, some for sale, and some sent gratuitously as gifts.

¹ *Annales des Aldes*, vol. iii. p. 22.

From 1501 to 1505 the Aldine Press was in the fullest activity, publishing all the principal classical and Italian authors in that smaller form of which the Virgil of 1501 had been the first sample. The transition from the cumbersome and expensive folios to these cheap and portable editions was so great a step in the progress of printing, that it appeared only second in importance to the discovery of the art itself.

Nor does the reputation of Aldo rest only on his printing, or even on his editorial labours, the Greek and Latin dissertations, prefaces, and criticisms with which he illustrated the books which issued from the press; he left behind him also some original works, chiefly of an instructive kind, of considerable merit. His first work was a Latin Grammar written to take the place of the old scholastic "Doctrinale" of "Alexandri da Villa Dei," written in barbarous and meaningless rhymes, which had been the torment of his youth. This was followed by a Greek Grammar, a Greek and Latin Dictionary, and other works, whose names cannot be inserted in this paper for want of space.

CATHERINE MARY PHILLIMORE.

To be continued.

A SPEECH AT WESTMINSTER.

[The following address was made to an Association of Public Elementary Teachers in Westminster, at the Westminster Wesleyan Training College, on Saturday, December 6th.]

It is not at all in my line to attend meetings or make speeches, and when I was asked to come here this evening, my first impulse was to decline. But when I found that the teachers of Westminster, my own district, were very desirous I should attend this first meeting of their association, and would be much disappointed if I did not, I felt that I could not refuse. Many of these teachers are very old friends of mine, and with the rest I hope to become every year better acquainted. And now it is impossible, I think, for school teachers and a school inspector to come together at the present moment, without talking of the blame which is being so freely cast on their schools. Our schools, we are told, are "a miserable failure;" we are told that both the schools and their system are bad, and that if we want a proper supply of "decent schools and decent teachers," we must imitate the United States and Australia. It most certainly behoves us to ask ourselves: Are these things really so? The inspectors' reports are quoted in proof of it. I am glad that no report of mine is quoted, for the remarks of inspectors may easily be misused; and some of those which I see quoted seem to me, as they stand and divorced from their context, neither fair nor judicious. But you must remember what is the nature of the inspectors' reports. I believe ours is the only Government which publishes the reports of its school inspectors; and certainly the practice, if on the whole expedient, which I think it is, has yet some disadvantages. For the in-

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spectors' reports are addressed to the Education Department, which knows the circumstances of our schools, which can supply the qualifications and make the allowances which ought, and which the inspector himself means, to be supplied and made. To such a department an inspector may speak of our schools as they are relatively to the ideal of a thoroughly good elementary school. Now, relatively to this ideal our schools fall very short. But relatively to the American or Australian schools and their system, are our schools and their system bad? Compared with the American and Australian schools and teachers, do our schools and teachers deserve the blame which their inspectors appear to cast on them? I entirely disbelieve it. It happens that in the very last (the November) number of one of the most seriously conducted and trustworthy reviews in Europe, the *Revue Suisse*, an article caught my eye with *Public Instruction in America* for its heading. I have had to concern myself so much with education on the Continent that what they say there about public instruction always interests me. And this article in the *Revue Suisse* I found of special interest at the present moment. For in this article a Swiss lady, who appears to have been a teacher in America for some years, gives us her experience of the American schools. "Suppose," she begins, "we were to attend a meeting of American teachers and to tell them what their schools really are?" Why, this is exactly what I, and the English teachers I see gathered before me here, want to know. "As we cannot do this," she continues, "we will say here what we know of them." Well, she quotes official reports to show how the American schools suffer, just as ours do, from irregular attendance. In the state of Maine, she

says, the average school time is but nineteen weeks and two days in the year. Then the teachers, too, are said on official authority to be, great numbers of them, incompetent; in Michigan ninety-four per cent. of the schoolmasters are declared unfit for their function. Even the inspectors' reports have not alleged such a rate of incompetency against you here. But it is the lady's own remarks on the instruction which are the most interesting, for a Swiss teacher well knows what sound instruction is. "Is the American school-child a bad pupil?" she supposes people to ask; and she answers, "In most cases, yes!" The great majority, though quick and sharp, "go through their school years without any of their lessons taking real hold on them; irregular, constantly changing school; ill-disciplined, a perpetual subject of astonishment to foreign teachers who have been accustomed to something better." This, it will be said, relates to higher instruction than the primary. Yes; but where is the root of the mischief? In the primary instruction. *The first stages are neglected*, says our informant—"on negligé les premiers degrés." As long as their primary instruction is not better, she continues, the Americans will never get a due return for their really great outlay on schools. Now Mr. Morley heard in America, that in one of the great towns of the West one of the best students at the professors' lectures there is a youth who goes down to the town every afternoon to earn a dinner by shaving at a barber's; and he was assured that it was the fault of any boy who had been at a common school if he had not picked up instruction enough for this. I put genius out of the account; Porson was the son of a parish clerk, and his first schoolmaster was his father. But I take the allegation that an American common school fits its pupils for going on to professors' lectures and higher instruction, while our schools cannot do as much. Now, professors' lectures and an ambitious programme of higher subjects are of little use if the foundations are unsound. At present,

says our Swiss teacher, "for every twenty scholars, and even for every twenty teachers, who have studied geometry, *philosophy*, physiology, political economy, and much more, you will scarcely find two who can read really well, can write easily, correctly and legibly, or parse the simplest English sentence." So that when Mr. Morley was told by his American friends that it was the fault of any boy in an American common school if he had not picked up sufficient instruction to follow professors' lectures afterwards, he should have asked what this exactly amounted to; what the "professors' lectures" were, and what the "sufficient instruction" was. For how it stands with the primary instruction we have seen; but as to the professors' lectures also, as to the American pupil when he comes to higher instruction, our Swiss teacher gives us some very curious information. "The American pupil," says she, "imagines that the whole of knowledge is to be learnt in class by swallowing down bodily a certain number of manuals. Thus, as he is to know geometry, a treatise on geometry is learnt by heart, and he knows geometry. It is the right thing to know history, so a history of the world is learnt in the same fashion, and one has settled one's accounts with that branch of human knowledge. The same with everything else—English literature, French, philosophy, physiology, political economy—a manual to be tossed off, nothing more." It is the same with pupils of both sexes. Young ladies are presented to a professor of foreign languages with an assurance that they know French. He speaks to them in French; they don't understand a word. Oh, but they read? Yes, a great deal. Well, what have they read? A book of extracts and *Télémaque*. And a pupil who has done this is in America, says our informant, quoting in English the very phrase she has been accustomed to hear, "a fine French scholar." This sort of thing is not quite the higher instruction, perhaps, that Mr. Morley was thinking of when he extols the American com-

mon schools for being able to pass on their pupils to it, and defies the English common schools to do the same. It is the sort of instruction we generally associate with our "Classical and Commercial Academies."

Now all this agrees, I must say, with what I have been told in Germany; that something might be learnt from America as to providing and maintaining schools; but as to instruction, nothing. Good judges say that in countries without a real superior instruction, literary or scientific, countries without a learned class and a learned tradition to set the standard of thoroughness in knowledge, primary or popular instruction can never be sound. The best Americans know the deficiencies of their country, deficiencies inseparable from its circumstances, and are bent on, with time, remedying them. The high praise of American schools comes to us from two sorts of people, philanthropists and politicians. A philanthropist, with a taste for institutions and no special knowledge of instruction, goes to America, sees great schools, great public interest in them, a great attendance of scholars; he sees a smart young lady of fourteen get up and rattle off an account of the organization of the ear or of the functions of digestion, and he exclaims, "Bless me, how very beautiful! we cannot do these things in the old country." Then there is the politician, who, like Mr. Morley, thinks the Church of England "the ally of tyranny, the organ of social oppression, the champion of intellectual bondage," and who is delighted with the secular and free schools of a democratic country. I do full justice to Mr. Morley's talents; and I must say that with what seems to be Mr. Morley's governing feeling, impatience and indignation at the state of the English labouring class, it is impossible, to me at any rate, not to have great sympathy. But it is not well to warp facts about schools to suit one's feelings about politics. It is, above all, unjust to those who, like yourselves, are giving—and in general honestly and ably giving—the work of their lives to

our elementary schools. I will not speak positively of what I have not seen with my own eyes; but I do not believe that your schools need fear comparison with the common schools of America. I do not believe that if you caught and examined all the boys of twelve in Westminster and all the boys of twelve in New York, or all the boys of twelve in Westmorland and all the boys of twelve in Michigan, the Westminster and Westmorland boys would be found to read and write worse than the New York and Michigan boys. The difference comes later; the young American of eighteen or nineteen, who ploughs land or fells timber, is a very different person from the English agricultural labourer of the same age. But this is due not to a difference in schools, but to a difference in the social condition of the two countries. The young American has carried on his reading and reads the newspapers; the English rustic has lost his and reads nothing. But let us be careful, when we speak of instruction and of mental training, not to rate reading the American papers as something higher and more fruitful than it is. This great staple of American popular reading, their newspapers and periodicals, our Swiss informant (to take her testimony again) judges very severely. She says that these are indeed devoured; but she describes scornfully "the undigested mixture offered by this ephemeral literature," politics, poetry, advertisements, criticism, novels, scandal, horrors, marvels; and she records her answer to an American friend who had said to her, "It is the means of spreading a taste for instruction;" "No," was her answer, "it is the means of spreading presumptuous ignorance!" I say, then: Our schools are a serious thing; when we contrast their instruction with that of American schools, let us have the real facts about these schools, and do not let us warp the facts because we admire the political and social system of America.

It is the same case with that burning question which one hardly likes to approach, but which really we ought to approach, the question of

religious instruction. For us it is, or ought to be, a question of education, and not a question of religious politics. We may take it as admitted at the present moment that some religious instruction school-children ought to have. Now, it is a real question in education, who can practically give the religious instruction best, the teacher or the minister of religion. I myself think that the facts and history of religion are one thing, the religious application of the facts and history another; to get acquainted with the parables is one thing, to have a sermon on them is another; and the facts and history of religion are, it seems to me, best taught by the person trained to teach, by the schoolmaster. It is vain, I admit, to try and restrict him to some bare outline which you call the facts and history as they stand simply: that cannot be done. You must leave him free, he will put his colour on the facts and history, and the colour will be that of his own religious persuasion. Still, while I fully allow this, I say the teaching the facts and history of religion, colouring and all, is a very different matter from preaching a sermon on them; and that while the minister can probably preach the best sermon, the schoolmaster can probably best give the teaching. Certainly the worst teaching I saw in Germany was the religious teaching given by a minister. But it is a fair matter for debate; only let us have the facts about it as they really are. Mr. Morley says, in his rhetorical way: "In Prussia the minister of the parish is personally charged with the religious instruction of the school. That is not added to the proper duties of the schoolmaster, nor, I believe, is the function of digging graves." That is astounding! I say, on the other hand, that at this moment in every public elementary school in Prussia the religious instruction is given by the teacher. It is given by the minister to the dissenting minority only, who are withdrawn from the religious instruction of the majority. What probably misled Mr. Morley was that the minister of the parish is in Germany the

local school inspector of all elementary schools. Would Mr. Morley like to introduce that here?

Nor is it Mr. Morley alone of whom the schools have a right to complain in this matter. Almost all public writers and speakers treat those questions, which for us are practical, in the same unsatisfactory manner. I read the other day a leading article of the *Daily News* on Mr. Forster's recent speech at Liverpool. It complained of Mr. Forster for alleging that anyone proposed to exclude religious instruction from our schools. "He can hardly have been so unobservant," said the *Daily News*, "as not to know that the question is not whether religion shall be taught, but who shall teach it. The undenominational party ask that the schoolmaster shall be limited to his own province, and provision be made for authorized teachers of every Church and denomination to give voluntary instruction in religion to the children of their respective adherents." The authorized teacher means, I take for granted, the minister; at any rate, he it is who will almost always be the authorized teacher in these matters. Well, this is the demand of the earnest and intelligent Liberal who writes the leading article. But in the very same newspaper I find a speech by another earnest and intelligent Liberal, Mr. Rogers, the well-known Nonconformist minister of Clapham, and what does he say? He, too, denies that the party with which he acts advocate the exclusion of the Bible from schools. Of course; but how does he go on? "But what they desired was that in any teaching given from the Bible care should be taken that religious instruction should not be placed in the hands of the priests." "The present struggle," says Mr. Rogers, "is, whether the education of the children of the poor shall be in the hands of the priests or of the people." That was loudly cheered. Now I know, of course, that Mr. Rogers would repudiate the title of priest for himself and his brother dissenting ministers. But how, if religious instruction is to be given in our schools,

and the schoolmaster is not to give it, you are to give it without admitting the ministers of religion, and of course the priest, Roman or Anglican, among them, it really passes my wits to discover. So that our earnest and intelligent Liberalism demands two incompatible things, and our poor unfortunate schools may well say to its professors: "What are we to be at, gentlemen? which cry do you really mean to go in for, *The intrusive Schoolmaster* or *The intrusive Clergyman*? because you cannot well go in for both at once. Or rather, you both can and do; but we cannot practically comply with both at once." Why really, I must say, and I am sure you feel the same as I do, what unprofitable, insincere, rhetorical stuff all this sort of talk about the religious instruction in our schools is!

But the question remains for us, nevertheless, however rhetorically and inaccurately people may talk about the instruction in our schools, however rhetorically and inaccurately they may compare other schools with our own, the question, I say, remains: What is the truth about our own schools, what is their character? Better, a great deal, than Mr. Morley supposes; not at all inferior, probably, to that of the American and Australian schools. Better, far better, than that of the schools of our middle-class; but then, the schools for our middle-class, which no one talks about because no political or politico-religious capital is to be made out of them, are probably the worst in Europe. Ten years ago I should have said that our inspected elementary schools, in their way, might very well be matched with what are commonly called our public schools, that is, those secondary schools which have got publicity and the stimulus and advantages of publicity. Both left much to be desired, but the instruction in both had the same sort of faults and the same sort of merits, and the merits were considerable. Since the Revised Code, I should say that our inspected elementary schools correspond very well, in their way, with what our public schools would be, if for ten years their income

had depended on an annual examination, in which each individual boy was to construe a sentence of Latin and a sentence of Greek, and to write a sentence of Latin prose. But if we are to match our elementary schools with schools of their own class, such as the elementary schools of the continent, what are we to say? Mr. Fitch, who has just done good service by picking to pieces some extravagant statistics used in condemnation of our schools, gives these schools higher praise, I confess, than I, when I compare them with the continental schools, can quite agree to. I agree with Mr. Mundella, that our schools are far inferior to the schools, for example, of Prussia, Saxony, or Zurich. And from what cause? One great cause, of course, is the irregularity and brevity of our school attendance. This is not the fault of you teachers; it has come from the condition of our people, from the want of care for instruction in our people itself. The people of England, with all its splendid qualities, has long remained a people mentally untouched and unawakened. This it is, even, which gives a peculiar character to what we, as a nation, have done; that it has been done with a people mentally untouched and unawakened. If so much has been done with a people even in this state, what may not be done with the same people awakened? And now our people is waking up, is beginning to feel its own mental life. Well, and now, therefore, we shall get their children to school, we shall get schooling made obligatory. The great obstacle, however, here in England, to this, is one which is in general left out of sight; it is, that whereas everywhere on the Continent you have the municipality, the *Gemeinde*, the *Commune*, in all rural England, and in nearly all our small towns, you have still only the ecclesiastical organization of the middle ages—the parish. The other great cause of the inferiority of our schools to the best continental schools is, I agree with Dr. Abbott, the Revised Code. I incurred some danger, perhaps, by freely blaming this Code in its day of triumph; I shall speak of it

with great moderation now that it has been succeeded by another. It was just the sort of measure which it would have occurred to a very clever man, not practically conversant with schools, to introduce. *Payment by results* sounds extremely promising; but payment by results necessarily means payment for a minimum of knowledge: payment for a minimum of knowledge means teaching in view of a minimum of knowledge; teaching in view of a minimum of knowledge means bad teaching. George Herbert well said:

"Who aimeth at the sky
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree."

The teacher's high aim, the formation, out of his regularly attending scholars, of a good first class, to be a sort of nucleus of light, came to be forgotten; the instruction of his irregularly attending scholars remained imperfect still, for it could not, so long as they attended irregularly, be otherwise. The mere introduction of extra subjects could not cure the defects of the Revised Code; payment by results on individual examination in extra subjects involves the same bad teaching as in the case of elementary subjects; it is an educational law, this; the thing cannot but turn out so. Most of us who are here present know, by sad experience, that piece of futility, the map of Middlesex, which our scholars in the fifth standard learn to draw, and learn to draw nothing else. Where is the remedy? In general, in giving greater freedom to the teacher, greater freedom to the inspector; in particular, I am inclined to think the remedy lies in retaining the present examination for only the first, second, and third standards, and beyond that point, paying grants, not on individual examination, but on the report that the classes have been properly instructed. In that direction, I myself think, the particular remedy lies; but you teachers should turn your own minds to these matters, they can only be settled by experience and reflection. There is now no distinction of schools before the State. Teachers have a common ground on which they can unite in associations like this

of the Westminster teachers, and the united experience of teachers, if they are reasonable, must have great weight, as the school synods have in Switzerland. We must be patient, however; things cannot move as fast as our wishes would have them move. Our schools will not in our lifetime be what we could wish to see them; we shall not live to do more than a very small part of what has to be done for them. What, however, we can all do, each in our measure, is to set ourselves against having our schools and their system governed by clap-trap of any kind—educational clap-trap, or political clap-trap, or politico-religious clap-trap, the worst of all. For the rest, let us not deceive ourselves; the science of teaching is still in its infancy, the right programme of studies has yet to be discovered. Give your pupil a whole of some important kind for his thoughts to crystallize around; that is the best advice I can give you. The reason why I have taken such interest, as you know, in introducing the exercise, so novel to our schools, of learning passages of standard poetry by heart, is this: that to give a child the possession of two or three hundred lines of sterling poetry is to give something to nature to work upon, something that we cannot manipulate by our codes and schedules, but are obliged to permit nature to work upon freely. For a child's mind is a soil with its own powers; a soil which we did not make, but into which we have to put the right thing. Our best art consists in enabling the powers of the soil to act, instead of thwarting and perverting them. The seed we sow we should sow with this thought before our eyes; a thought as true in education as it is in religion, and admirably conveyed in one of the most profound verses of the New Testament, with which I will conclude these remarks that you have listened to so kindly. "So is the kingdom of God, as a man may cast seed on to the earth, and may go to bed and get up night and day, and the seed will shoot and extend he knoweth not how."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

VIVISECTION.

IN the following pages I propose to inquire whether it is desirable that physiologists should continue the practice of what is commonly called vivisection, to which they have hitherto been accustomed. By vivisection I understand the operating with cutting instruments or by other means on the still living bodies of animals. The word "living" requires perhaps some further definition. In the long series of changes through which the body of a living animal passes from full functional activity to complete decomposition there are three chief stages, each of which may be arbitrarily taken as the end of life. There is the time at which consciousness is lost, the time at which the breath stops and the heart ceases to beat, and the time at which the muscles become rigid with the death-stiffening. The succession of the three events is always in the same order, but the interval of time between any two of them varies within very wide limits. For our purposes it will perhaps be best to take the second as marking the end of life, to say that an animal is still alive so long as the heart is beating and air enters into and issues from the chest.

It is very desirable that a discussion, the decision upon which must be of the utmost importance to physiology at least, should not be turned aside to any false issues. The question whether vivisection is a bad thing is in no wise settled by asserting that there are many things equally bad. Thus, to say that the evil wrought upon animals in the name of science is but a flea-bite compared to that done in the name of sport, is simply to bring forward a *tu quoque* argument of no real worth except to stop the mouths of particular opponents. When an ardent sportsman, or when one, no sportsman himself, but having a theoretical admiration of the pleasures of the field, declaims against vivisection, it may be worth while to

remind such a one of some of the agonies of sport—of the scenes which accompany a *battue* or a pigeon-match; of wounded birds dragging their maimed bodies to some hidden covert, there to die a lingering death; of the piercing squeals of the hunted hare; of the last moments of the brave fox, when, after a fruitless struggle, the time comes for his living body to be torn by the pursuing hounds; to ask him how often a living object of sport is by some purposeful sudden blow humanely killed "to put it out of its misery;" to suggest to him as a matter of reflection that had we any satisfactory measure of pain, it would be found that all the pain which physiologists have caused since their science began, is less than that which the animal creation has suffered in the field from the hands of the members of the two Houses of Parliament since the last General Election. It may be of use to say this to a sportsman; but vivisection is not thereby justified. It is no use saying it at all to those who are now agitating this question. They are equally opposed to cruelty in sport as to cruelty in science; but they are also wise in their generation. They see that there is far more hope of putting down the one than the other. Biologists and physiologists are at the present moment clearly in disrepute. To call them atheists, is to show oneself a man of spirit and intelligence. Following out their own science, along the path Nature has pointed out to them, they have run counter to many established opinions and cherished views. Divorced by the divergence of their respective methods in large measure from the mathematicians and physicists, to whom orthodoxy is easy, accused of materialism, active in the support of Darwinism and evolution theories, believed by the many to have no faith,—their position not a little resembles that of the Jews

in the middle ages; they are just in the condition in which the accusation of cruelty is most tellingly made and most readily credited against them by a vulgar public. This the opponents of vivisection know full well; and therefore it is against the physiologists and not against the pigeon shooters that they make their complaint. They are even willing at the present to use the latter against the former. By and bye, if they are successful in this, they will move against sport, on the ground that it is far more cruel and has far less justification than the vivisection which has been done away with.

Nor is it any use to tell a far larger class, the eaters of meat, that the pain which physiology has caused since the time of Galen is far less than that which in any one week is caused in butchers' shambles in providing flesh to fill the mouths of the people of London.

Nor is it, on the other hand, any use to say that because many physiologists are kindly, humane men in private life, therefore the accusation of cruelty brought against them must be false. I know a physiologist who, after a day spent in experimental work, may be seen sitting in the evening with a favourite cat on his lap, an old dog by his side, and a new one at his feet; but I would not therefore guarantee that he had not been cruel in the morning. He might be an angel in the bosom of his family, but a demon in the laboratory. I know a physiologist of whom his friends have said, that had he not been so amiable he might have made a noise in the world, and yet who at the present moment is being accused of brutal cruelties. I feel that the accusation might be true.

Nor is it of any use to say, though it may be said with perfect truth, that a great deal of the present agitation against vivisection is one of the many fruits of a mawkish sentimentalism which is stealing over the present generation, and by a lessening of manliness is curtailing the good effects of increased enlightenment. The foolish of this world are often used to correct

the wise; and actions brought about by a wrong sentimentalism may be in themselves right and good.

The question whether it is desirable that man should continue to inflict the pains of death, or pains without death, on other animals, and if so, within what limits, is one which must be argued out on its own merits alone, and the discussion of it will not be advanced by irrelevant considerations such as these on which we have dwelt.

There are two aspects of the inquiry—one from the side of man, the other from the side of the animal. Let us first consider the question from the point of view of the animal.

We have to determine the principles which govern or should govern the conduct of man towards animals. One broad principle may be briefly stated: Unless man destroys animals, animals would soon destroy man. Mr. Tennyson has told us—

"Nature is one with rapine, a harm no preacher can heal;"

and Mr. Darwin has shown that the lives of all living beings are shaped by "the struggle for existence." Man's life is a struggle for existence with his fellow-men, with living animals and plants, and with the lifeless forces of the universe. The very conditions of his existence lay upon him the burden, and in so doing give him the right, to use the world around him, the lives of animals included, to aid him in his strife. Imagine the results of forbidding man to take away the lives of animals. Suppose, for instance, the whole human race were to form itself into a Society for the Prevention of the Destruction of Tigers. How many generations would pass before "the last man" provided a tumultuous crowd of tigers with the last human meal?—possibly the indefatigable Secretary of the Society sealing with his death his loyalty to the cause. Or, since tigers, like man, are carnivorous, and might therefore be supposed more worthy of death than herbivorous creatures, let us suppose the efforts of the Society to be directed to-

wards the preservation of sheep. How many generations would pass before the face of the earth were covered with woolly flocks, and man were driven to lead a laborious, frugivorous, arboreal life on the tree-tops, or to earn a scanty subsistence on resuscitated *Pfahlbauten*, as being the only places where the necessities of the sheep would permit him to dwell? Did the reader ever by chance descend at early dawn into the kitchen and watch the convulsive agonies of a writhing heap of cockroaches drowning in the watery trap set for them by the cook overnight? What a scene of unutterable woe is that when judged from the standpoint of the cockroach! But, if man were to deny himself the right of vivisection or vivipression over the vermin which infest his home and bed, what would come of it?

To be serious: man, if he is to live and prosper, *must* kill other animals. It is a duty laid upon him by the nature of things; a duty, and therefore a right. Self-preservation demands it. But what do we mean by self-preservation? Can we draw a line and say that he is justified in slaying an animal for this purpose and not for that? We can only do so by applying the test of whether the death of the animal is useful to him or no. Whenever or wherever the death of an animal is of advantage either to himself or to the human society of which he is a unit, he is justified in slaying that animal.

The success of the human race in the struggle for existence depends on man's being well fed; man is therefore justified in slaying and eating a sheep. The success of the human race in the struggle for existence is dependent on knowledge being increased; man is therefore justified in slaying a frog or a rabbit, if it can be shown that human knowledge is thereby enlarged.

Death is in itself painful. It is only by special means that the pangs amid which the ties of life are loosened can be done away with. The slaughter of an animal is therefore of necessity painful, except in the special cases where means have been taken to do away with

pain. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred when an animal is slaughtered by man, it is the death of the animal which benefits man, the pain itself which accompanies the death does him no good at all. While justified, therefore, in killing the animal, he is not justified in causing it pain. He is bound, in fact, to kill the animal in such a way as to cause as little pain as is consistent with his own interest. The death of a sheep in a butcher's slaughterhouse is painful; but men cannot therefore be said to do wrong in killing a sheep for food. They kill it with as little pain as is under the circumstances possible. They could not make the pain less, except by the introduction of elaborate and costly methods which would probably ruin the butcher or spoil the meat, or at least, in the present state of our knowledge and of the market, do damage to the interests of mankind. The death of an ox, again, is more painful than that of a sheep; but men do not therefore feel bound to live on mutton alone. They consider that the advantages of a mixed diet of beef and mutton justify them in inflicting that additional quantity of pain which is suffered whenever an ox is felled.

In short, this, under one aspect, is a selfish world. The struggle for existence is its guiding principle. If we believe that man is to govern the world, and he must either govern or succumb, then we must be prepared to use animals selfishly, if you please to call it so—to use animals for our advantage—to kill them when we have need of their deaths—to kill them with pain when the pain is for our benefit; and inasmuch as the greater includes the less, to inflict pain without death where their pain does us good.¹ Our good is in fact the rule of our conduct towards animals. Whenever an animal is killed by man, or suffers pain at the hand of man, without

¹ Some writers have urged that while man is perfectly justified in *killing* any number of animals, he is not justified in causing *pain*. From the point of view of the animal this is simply a grotesque absurdity; from the point of view of man we shall have to speak of it later on.

benefit to man, or where the same benefit could be gained without the death or without the pain, then the death or the pain can be no longer justified. The man who inflicts them is a cruel man; he no longer does good, but harm, to humanity, and humanity ought to stop his hand.

I feel that I ought almost to apologize to the reader for having spent so much of his time over what are almost truisms; but so many absurd statements are continually being made, and so many whimsical ideas broached, that it seemed desirable to have a clear understanding concerning the principles which should guide our general conduct towards animals before discussing the special subject of vivisection.

We have now to inquire whether the deaths and pains which the word *vivisection* implies are, or have been, wrought for the benefit of mankind, inasmuch as they have led to knowledge and power which could not otherwise have been gained; or whether they have not been wrought for the benefit of mankind, inasmuch as they have not led to knowledge and power, or the power and knowledge might have been gained in some other way, or, being gained by many deaths and much pain, have been so small that mankind could well have done without them. I introduce the word death as well as pain, because, in spite of the etymology of the word, and the fact that vivisection suggests to the public mind pain only, and not death at all, the truth is, that in at least the great majority of cases vivisection does or ought to mean death only, and not pain at all. In the minds of those ignorant of physiology—and they are foremost, if not alone, in blaming vivisection—much confusion has arisen from the different meanings attached to the words “life” and “living.” I alluded to these in the beginning of this paper. To many such it is perhaps a revelation to learn that an animal may be kept alive—that is, with its heart in full working order, and its respiratory movements continuing with perfect regularity—for hours and hours after all

signs of consciousness have disappeared. All operations performed on such an animal would come under the term *vivisection*; but in the total absence of all signs of consciousness it would be absurd to speak of pain. It would perhaps be a still greater revelation to such to learn that a frog, at a later stage in the series of events which we class together as death—when its brain and spinal cord have been instantaneously destroyed by an operation the pain of which may be said to be infinitesimal, and its heart removed at a time when feeling is impossible—may yet be made by proper means to kick and jump and move its body about in almost all possible ways. Any operation performed on the body of such a frog would by many be still called *vivisection*; but to speak of such a mere mass of muscle and nerve as suffering pain, is about as truthful and rational as to say that it is cruel to cut down a tree, though a silly, ignorant looker-on might shriek when the leg moved, for about the same cause and with the same reason that the African grovels before his Fetish.

Did the reader ever see a rabbit completely under the influence of Chloral? Lying prostrate, with flaccid limbs, with head sunk back on the limp neck, motionless and still, at first sight it seems quite dead and gone. But a gentle heaving of the body, a rise and a fall every few seconds, tells you that it still breathes; and a finger placed on the chest may feel the quick throb of the still beating heart. You pull it and pinch it; it does not move. You prick with a needle the exquisitely sensitive cornea of its eye; it makes no sign, save only perhaps a wink. You make a great cut through its skin with a sharp knife; it does not wince. You handle and divide and pinch nerves which in ourselves are full of feeling; it gives no sign of pain. Yet it is full of action. To the physiologist its body, though poor in what the vulgar call life, is still the stage of manifold events, and each event a problem with a crowd of still harder problems at its back. He therefore brings to bear on this breathing, pulsa-

ting, but otherwise quiescent frame, the instruments which are the tools of his research. He takes deft tracings of the ebb and flow of blood in the widening and narrowing vessels; he measures the time and the force of each throb of the heart, while by light galvanic touches he stirs this part or quiets that; he takes note of the rise and fall of the chest-walls, as they quicken or grow slow, as they wax or wane, under this influence or that; he gathers the juice which pours from one or another gland; he divides this nerve, he stimulates that, and marks the result of each; he brings subtle poisons to bear on the whole frame, or on parts; and having done what he wished to do, having obtained, in the shape of careful notes or delicate tracings, answers to the questions he wished to put, he finishes a painless death by the removal of all the blood from the body, or by any other means that best suit him at the time. I am not exaggerating when I say that this is at the present day one of the commonest forms of vivisectional experiment; this is what newspaper writers speak of as "torture," and on the strength of it accuse cultivated physiologists of barbaric cruelty.

A dog under chloroform or morphia may be brought to very nearly the same condition as a rabbit under chloral; but as far as my experience goes, the same long duration of complete quiescence is maintained with greater difficulty. Dogs sometimes howl under chloroform or morphia when nothing is being done to them, and under circumstances in which they can be suffering no pain. At the moment when the chloroform begins to take effect upon them, when probably confused carnivorous visions chase through their brains, the howling is often excessive. Anyone who knows anything about the administration of chloroform to human beings is well aware how frequent cries and noises are in the stage of excitement, and how little dependence can be placed on them as signs of pain.

In a large number of cases, then, where anaesthetics of one kind or another are used, vivisectional experiments cause no pain at all; and, as far

as I know, in this country at least, physiologists always use anaesthetics where they can. They do so not only for the sake of the animal, but also for the sake of the experiment itself. Unless they are studying actual manifestations of feeling, pain with all its consequences is a disturbing element which must by all possible means be eliminated if the experiment is to have its due value. The apparent lifelessness of the animal is the physiologist's opportunity; struggling limbs would utterly defeat his aims, and a sudden start might wreck his whole experiment. Chloroform and other anaesthetics have immensely lessened human suffering, not only by simply diminishing pain, but even still more by putting it in the power of the surgeon to perform operations which he otherwise would not dare to attempt. In the same way they have powerfully aided the progress of physiology by rendering possible new experiments, and by allowing the investigator to analyse securely phenomena which otherwise would, perhaps for ever, have remained confused through the disturbances caused by pain.

There are some experiments, however, requiring vivisection, in which the use of chloral or other anaesthetics is, for various reasons, inadmissible or undesirable. These form two classes. In the first and most numerous the experiment is generally a short one and quickly carried out, and the pain slight and transient. It is of course impossible for anyone to judge truly of the pain felt by any other body, and we may err in two ways in estimating the pain felt by animals. We may over-estimate or under-estimate it. Perhaps a rough but tolerably safe test of great pain or distress may be gained by noting whether the animal is willing to eat or no. When a rabbit, for instance, not previously starved, begins to munch carrots immediately after an operation, or even continues to munch during the greater part of the time the operation is being performed, it is only fair to conclude that the operation cannot be very painful. I may add, that in the experience of ex-

perimental physiologists, the skin of the dog and the rabbit—allowance being made for individual peculiarities—is not nearly so sensitive as the human skin.

The second class of experiments carried on without anæsthetics, those entailing a considerable amount of pain, are not only by far the least numerous, but must of necessity become less and less numerous as physiology advances. The end which the physiologist has in view is to analyse the life of any being into its constituent factors. As his science advances, he becomes more and more able to disengage any one of these factors from the rest, and so to study it by itself. He can already, as we have seen, study the complicated phenomena of the circulation of the blood, of respiration, of various kinds of movement, quite apart from and independent of the presence of consciousness. As his knowledge widens and his means of research multiply, this power of analysis will grow more and more; and by and bye, if physiology be allowed free scope for its development, there will come a day when the physiologist in his experimental inquiries will cause pain then, and then only, when pain is the actual object of his study. And that he will probably study best upon himself.

At the present day, the greatest amount of pain to animals is probably caused in experiments which perhaps hardly come under the title of vivisection, experiments in which the effects of starvation or of insufficient food, or the actions of poisons, are being studied. These, however, lead to valuable results. The pain which is the greatest in amount and the least worthy in object is the pain which comes to animals whose bodies have been used as tests to ascertain the poisonous nature of some suspected material; but this is a matter of the witness-box, not of physiology.

We may conclude, then, that physiologists are the cause to animals of much death, of a good deal of slight pain, and of some amount of severe pain. A very active physiologist will, for instance, in

a year be the means of bringing about, for the sake of science, as much death as a small village will in a week for the sake of its mouths and its fun, and will give rise to about as much pain as a not too enthusiastic sportsman in a short sporting season.

We have now to ask what justification does he plead for this death and this pain? What good to mankind is thereby wrought which could not otherwise be gained?

His answer is, that the science of physiology is thereby advanced, that our knowledge of the laws of life has in the main been won by experiments on living animals. He of course cannot, and no one can, tell the "might have been." Without any such experiments, physics and chemistry, aided by mathematics, might have synthetically resolved the problems of life (though even then it might be said that both physics and chemistry sprang from the older biologic lore, and not so long ago a common physiological preparation, the muscle and nerve of a frog, started a new epoch in physics); but, as a matter of history, experiments on living animals have been the stepping-stones of physiological progress.

The great Vesalius, the founder of modern anatomy, turning his thoughts to the uses of the structures he had so well described, saw clearly that the problems opening up before him could be settled only by vivisection. In his great work, "*De Corporis Humani Fabrica*" may be read the evidence, not only that he performed experiments on living animals, but that, had he not in so inscrutable a way forsaken the arduous pleasures of learning for the gossip of a court, those experiments would have led him up to and probably beyond the discovery which years afterwards marked an epoch in physiology, and made the name of Harvey immortal. He, indeed, sowed the seed whose fruit Harvey reaped. The corner-stone of physiology, the doctrine of the circulation of the blood, was not built up without death and pain to animals. To-day, it is true, much of the evidence

touching the flow of blood may be shown on a dead body, yet the full proof cannot be given even now without an experiment on a living creature; and certainly Harvey's thoughts were guided by his study of the living palpitating heart and the motions of the living arteries, quite as much as by the suggestions coming from dead valves and veins.

After Harvey came Haller, whose keen intellect dispersed the misty notions of the spiritualists, and by the establishment of the doctrine of "irritability" laid the foundations of the true physiology of the nervous system: he too, in his work, wrought death and suffering on animals.

Another great step onward was made when Charles Bell and Majendie, by experiments on animals more painful than any of the present day, traced out the distinction between motor and sensory nerves; and yet another, when Marshall Hall and others demonstrated by vivisections the widespread occurrence and vast importance of reflex actions.

What was begun with death and pain has been carried forward by the same means. I assert deliberately that all our real knowledge of the physiology of the nervous system—compared with which all the rest of physiology, judged either from a practical or from a theoretical point of view, is a mere appendage—has been gained by experiment, that its fundamental truths have come to us through inquiries entailing more or less vivisection. By meditating over the differences in structure visible in the nervous systems of different animals, a shrewd observer might guess at the use of some particular part; but till verified by experiment, the guess would remain a guess; and experiment shows that such guesses may be entirely wrong. Where experiment has given a clue, careful observations have frequently thrown light on physiological problems. Without the experimental clue, the phenomena would ever have remained a hopeless puzzle, or have served to bolster up some baseless fancy. What disease, or what structure in what animal, could ever

have made us acquainted with that "inhibitory" function of the pneumogastric nerve which the vivisectional experiment of Weber first detected? What a light that one experiment has thrown on the working of the nervous system! What disease could have told us that which we have learnt from the experiments of Du Bois-Reymond and of Pflüger? Where would physiological science be now if the labours of Flourens, Brown-Séquard, Schiff, Vulpian, Goltz, Waller, and others, were suddenly wiped away from the records of the past? Yet each of these names recalls long series of experiments, some of them painful in character, on living animals.

I repeat, take away from the physiology of the nervous system the backbone of experimental knowledge, and it would fall into a shapeless huddled mass.

The chemistry of living beings, one would imagine at first thoughts, might be investigated without distressing the organisms which formed the subjects of research. The labours of Lavoisier and Priestley, who first made clear the chemistry of respiration, if they entailed no use of the knife, caused at times a no less painful suffocation; while the great advances which have been made in this branch of the study during the last quarter of a century, and are still being made, necessitate almost daily vivisection, in order that the gases of the blood may be studied in exactly the same condition as they are in the living body. Even still more bloody has been the path by following which we have gained the knowledge we now possess of the chemistry of digestion and nutrition. I have only to mention the names of Bidder and Schmidt and Bernard, to call to the mind of the physiological student important results, nearly all reached through vivisection. The shifts and changes of the elements within our body are too subtle and complex to be divined from the results of the chemical laboratory; the physiologist has to search for them within the body, and to mark the compounds changing in the very spot where they change; otherwise all is guess-work.

Among the labours of the present generation, none perhaps have already more far-reaching results, none hold out more promise of fruit in the future, than those which bear on the influence of the nervous system over the circulation of the blood and over nutrition. The knowledge we are gradually acquiring of the subtle nervous bonds which bind together the unconscious members of the animal commonwealth, which make each part or organ at once the slave and guardian of every other, and which with cords of nervous sympathy draw each moiety of the body to work for the good of all, is putting a new aspect on physiology, and throwing many a gleam of light into the very darkest regions of the science. The words "inflammation" and "fever," bandied about of old as mystery-words, sounding much but signifying little—shuttlecocks tossed to and fro from one school of doctrinaire pathologists to another—now at last, through the labours of modern physiology, seem in a fair way of being understood. That understanding, when it is complete, will have been gained step by step through experiments on living animals, one of the first of which was Claude Bernard's research on vaso-motor nerves.¹

There still remains the question, What good does physiology bring to mankind? Of the value of physiology as a not insignificant segment of the circle of universal knowledge, nothing need be said; where saying aught is necessary, it would be useless. Nor

need much be said concerning the practical value of physiology as a basis for the conduct of life. So long as men refuse to learn or to listen to physiology in order that they may the better use their bodies, it would be hopeless and useless to talk of the day when they may come to it for instruction how to form their minds and mould their natures. It will be enough for my present purpose to point out briefly the relations of physiology to the practical art of medicine.

These are twofold. In the first place, the medical profession is largely indebted to physiology on account of special discoveries and particular experimental researches. If we regard the profession simply as a body of men who possess or should possess a remedy for every disease, this may seem an exaggerated statement. Many of the remedies in use or in vogue at the present day have been discovered by chance, borrowed from ignorant savages, or lighted on by blind trials. Physiology can lay no claim to the introduction of opium or quinine. Where specific remedies have been suggested by physiological results or theories, it has not seldom happened that the remedies, though useful, have been given for a wrong reason, or have done good in a way which was not expected.

But if we look upon the medical profession as a body of men, cunning to detect the nature and to forecast the issues of the bodily ills under which we suffer, skilful in the use of means to avoid or to lessen those ills, rich in resources whereby pain is diminished and dangerous maladies artfully guided to a happy end, then we owe physiology many and great debts. Did the reader ever suffer, or witness others suffer, with subsequent relief, a severe surgical operation? if so, let him revere the name of John Hunter, the father of modern surgery. But Hunter was emphatically a physiologist; his surgery was but the carrying into practice of physiological ideas, many of which were got by experiments on living animals. Does the reader know that in all great surgical operations there are

¹ The great importance of the vaso-motor system justly led Mr. Huxley to introduce into his *Elementary Lessons in Physiology* Bernard's fundamental experiment with some such words as "a rabbit may be made to blush artificially by dividing the sympathetic nerve." A writer, apparently biassed by the memories of his own boyhood, has accused Mr. Huxley of thereby dangerously inciting boys and girls to cruelty, as if the division of the sympathetic nerve were the sort of thing a schoolboy might do with a pocket-knife and a bit of string. Is it any use to enlighten the malevolent ignorance of such minds by telling them that many physiological experiments require such skill and care as make ordinary surgical operations seem rough and easy proceedings?

moments of imminent danger lest life steal away in gushes of blood from the divided vessels, danger now securely met by ligatures scientifically and deftly tied? Does he know that there was a time when the danger was imperfectly met by hot searing-irons and other rude means, and that the introduction of ligatures, with their proper application, is due to experiments, cruel experiments, if you like, on dogs and other dumb animals, experiments eminently physiological in their nature, about which much may be read in the book of Jones on Hemorrhage? Even now, year by year, the scientific surgeon, by experiments on animals, is at once adding to physiological knowledge and bettering his treatment of wounded or diseased arteries. Has the reader seen anyone once stricken by paralysis, or bowed down by some nervous malady, yet afterwards made whole and brought back to fair, if not vigorous, health? The advice which turned such a one towards recovery was based on knowledge originally drawn from the vivisectional experiments of physiologists, and made safe by matured experience. Or has he watched any dear friend fading away in that terrible malady diabetes, after rejoicing that for a season he seemed to be gathering strength and ceasing to fail, even if not regaining health? The only gleam of light into that mysterious disease which we possess, came from the vivisectional researches of Claude Bernard on the formation of glycogen in the liver; and by judiciously acting upon the results of those researches the skilful physician can sometimes stay its ravages. He cannot cure it even now; and unless some empiric remedy be found by chance, will never cure it, until, by the death of many animals in the physiological laboratory, the mystery of the glycogenic function of the liver be cleared up.

But why need I go on adding one special benefit to another? They may be all summed up in one sentence, which embodies the whole relation of physiology to the medical profession.

The art of medicine is the science of

physiology applied to detailed vital phenomena by the help of a wisdom which comes of enlightened experience, and an ingenuity which is born of practice. Were there not a single case on record in which physiology had given special and direct help to the cure of the sick, there would still remain the great truth that the ideas of physiology are the mother ideas of medicine. The physiologist, unencumbered by the care of the sick, not weighted by the burden of desiring some immediate practical result, is the pioneer into the dark places of vital actions. The truths which he discovers in his laboratory pass over at once to the practitioner, busy in a constant struggle with the puzzling complexity of corporeal events: in his hands they are sifted, extended, and multiplied. The property of the physiologist alone, they might perhaps lie barren; used by the physician or surgeon, they soon bear fruit. The hint given by a physiologist of the past generation becomes a household word with the doctors of the present, and their records in turn offer rich stores of suggestive and corrective facts for the physiologists of the generation to come. Take away from the practical art of medicine the theoretical truths of physiology, and you would have left a crowd of busy idlers in full strife over fantastic ideas. The reader has laughed with Molière over the follies of the doctrinaire physicians of times gone by. He has to thank experimental physiology that he has not the same follies to laugh over and to suffer from now. The so-called practical man is ever prone to entangle himself in and guide his conduct by baseless speculations. Such has been the case with medicine. The history of medicine in past centuries is largely occupied with the conflicts of contending schools of pathology—schools which arose from this or that master putting forward a fancy, or a fragment of truth, as the basis of all medical judgment. These have given place in the present century to a rational pathology, which knows no school and swears to the words of

no master, but is slowly and surely unravelling, bit by bit, the many separate tangled knots of disease. They have given place because men have come to see that maladies can only be mastered through a scientific comprehension of the nature of disease; that pathology, the science of disease, being a part of, is inseparable from, physiology, the science of life; that the methods of both are the same, for in each a sagacious observation starts an inquiry, which a well-directed series of experiments brings to a successful end.

Many, if not most, of these experiments must be made on living beings. Hence it is that animals are killed and suffer pain, in order that physiological knowledge may be increased, and disease made less.

Take away from the art of medicine all that with which physiology has enriched it, and the surgeon or the physician of to-day would be little better than a mystery-man, or a quack vendor of chance-gotten drugs. Take out of the present system of physiology all that has been gained by experiments on living animals, and the whole structure would collapse, leaving nothing but a few isolated facts of human experience.

As far as we can see, what has been will be. The physiology of the future, if not hampered by any ignorant restraint, will, out of the death of animals, continue to press further and further into the mystery of—and year by year bring the physician, and not the physician only, but everyone, power to prolong, to strengthen, and to purify—the life of man. By no other way can man hope to gain this end. He is thereby justified for the death he causes and the pain he gives.

We have yet to consider this question in its other aspect; we have to examine, not only the effects of vivisection as far as animals are concerned, but also its influence on man himself. Little, however, need be said. Necessary vivisec-

tion, we have shown, cannot be called cruel. The question of the necessity of any particular case can only be judged by the investigator himself. I content myself with asserting that any attempt to draw up for the guidance of others a general definition of necessary and unnecessary vivisection must prove utterly futile. Only he who is making an inquiry knows his own needs. If he experiments recklessly and needlessly, he becomes cruel, and, being cruel, will thereby be the worse. But if he experiments carefully and heedfully, never causing pain where it could be avoided, never sacrificing a life without having in view some object, to attain which there seemed no other way, remembering that whoever "tortures" either dead or living nature carelessly will get no true response, there is no reason why his moral nature should suffer even ever so little tarnish. On the contrary, experience teaches us that earnest physiologists, who have killed animals in the single hope of gaining new truths or of making old ones plain, have grown more gentle and more careful the longer they worked and the more experiments they made.

The effects of vivisection on the moral nature of man may fairly be tested by experience. There are in this country several physiologists, myself among the number, who have for several years performed experiments on living animals. We have done repeatedly the things which a distinguished lady has seen fit to say "are best spoken of as nameless." I can confidently appeal to all who know us, whether they have seen any deterioration in our moral nature as the result of our work; whether we are to-day less careful of giving pain than we were when we began to experiment; whether they can trace in us any lessening of that sympathy with dumb animals which all men should feel even in the very thickest of the struggle for existence.

MICHAEL FOSTER.